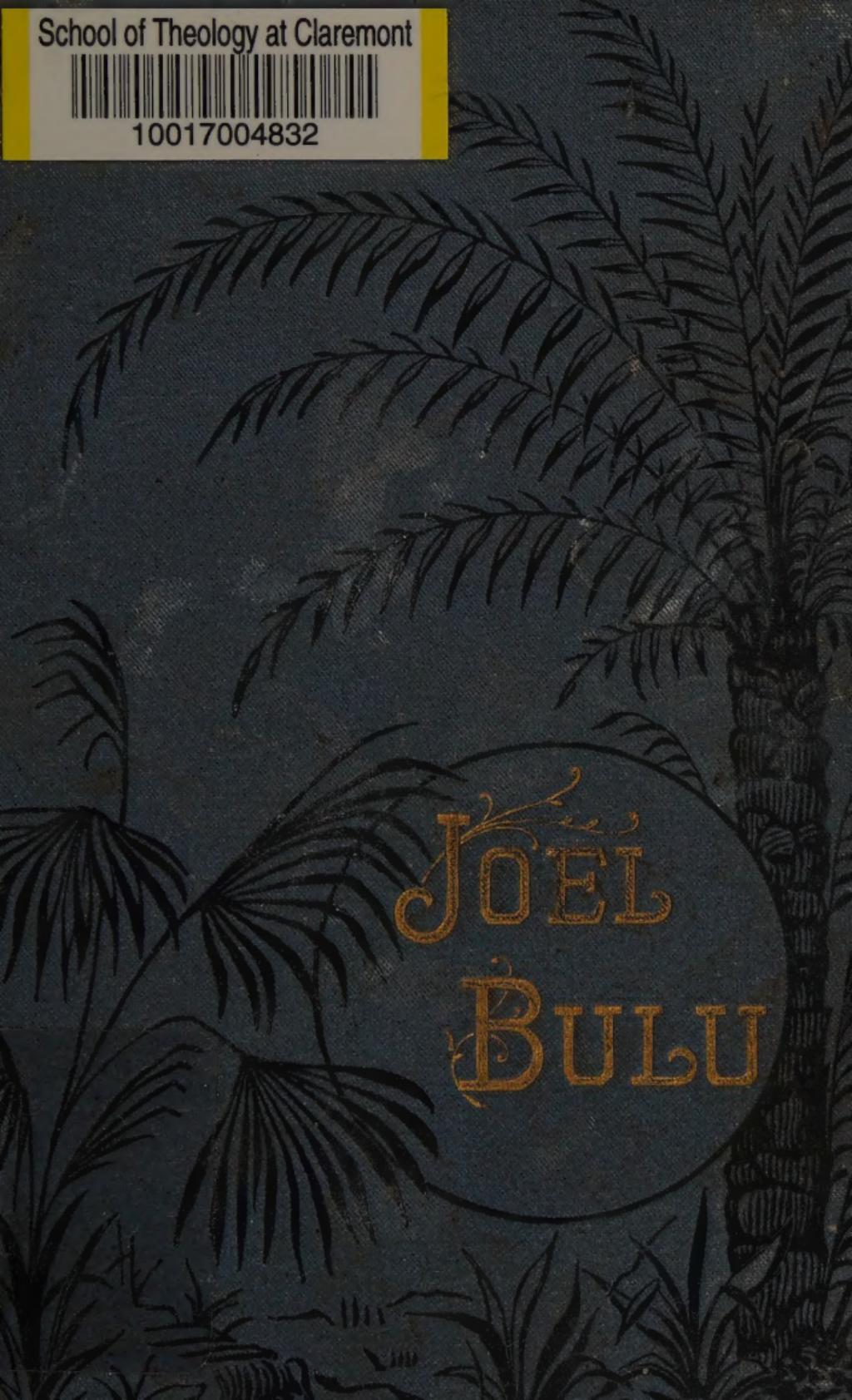


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JOEL
BULU

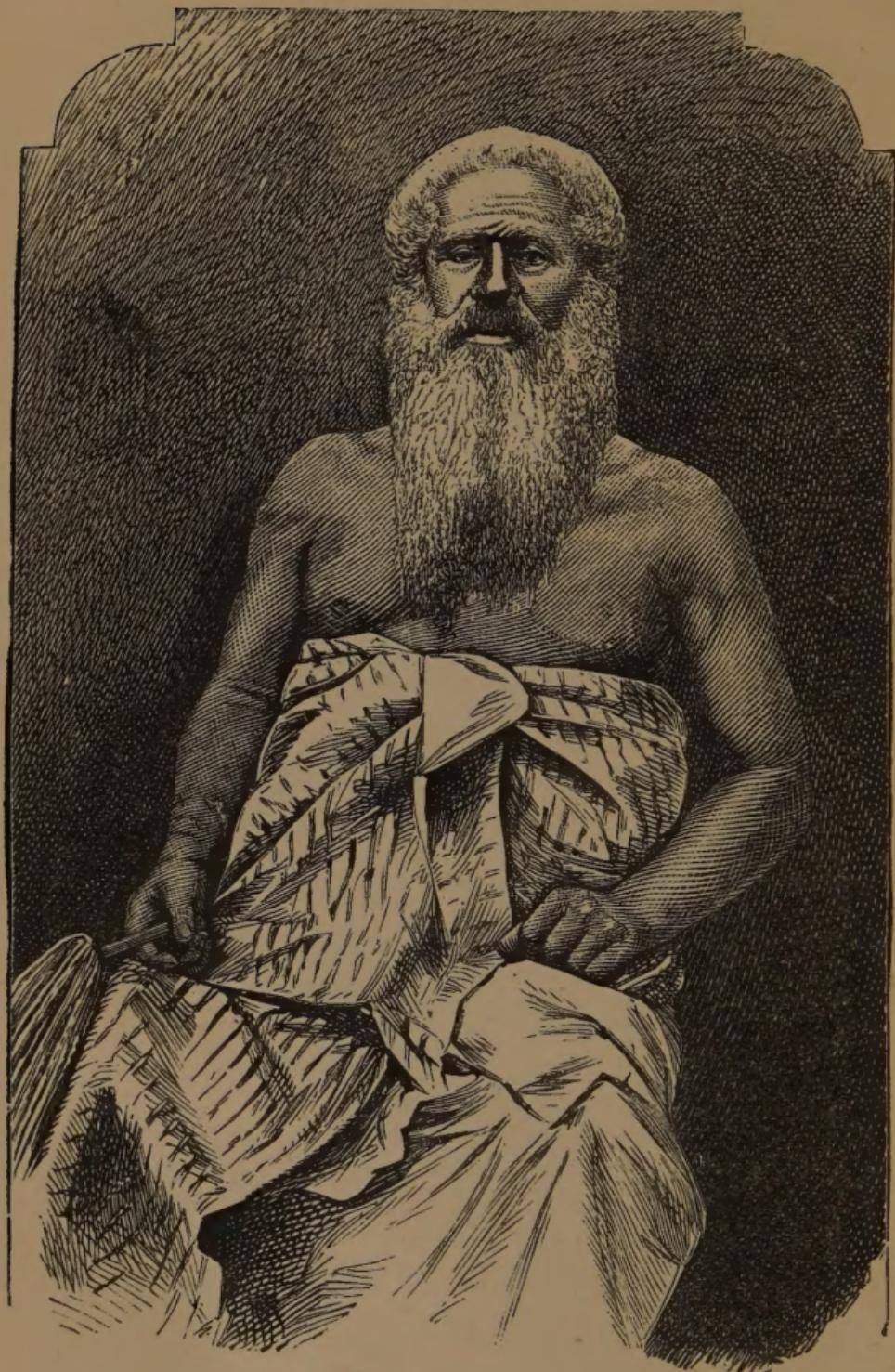


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JOEL BULU.

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JOEL BULU:

THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NATIVE MINISTER
IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Translated by a Missionary.

NINTH THOUSAND.

LONDON:

T WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C. ;
AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1887.

INTRODUCTION.

HE following account is called an Auto-biography. This requires a word of explanation. Joel Bulu, although a fair scribe, has never written any account of his own life. Many, however, have heard more or less of his narrative from the old man's lips and have wished that the whole history could be made widely known. In the present little book no pretension is made to completeness, considerable periods of Joel's devoted career being passed over in silence; but the chief events are given in his own words, which the Translator carefully noted down after many conversations, —“sometimes at sea, sometimes ashore, sometimes while walking from town to town inspecting the work, and sometimes in a native teacher's

house after the day's work was done,"—and has now put into English, preserving, as far as possible, the peculiar colouring of the Fijian idiom. "I wish," says the Translator, "I could transfer to paper his earnest look, the workings of his face, the twitching of his mouth-corners, his tears, his gestures, and the tones of his voice, as he told me the tale. It would then indeed make an effective book."

To those who have been accustomed to read the periodical records of our missions, the name of Joel Bulu will have long been familiar as of one of a noble class of men, whose existence and work supply the most encouraging feature of Christian missions. For missionary success may be justly considered the greatest when it has, in its results, the greatest reproducing and multiplying power,—when the converts themselves become agents of conversion, and, out of the midst of a people hitherto pagan or savage, men are raised up to spend their lives in the successful preaching of Christ. The fact that there are such men, and that their labours are fruitful in

the turning of many to righteousness, affords the highest of all encouragement, just because it manifests the presence of the Lord, giving His own express sanction to the enterprise, by not only making the first announcement of the Gospel effectual in the salvation of some who have heard it, but by causing the first messengers to see the work spreading *of itself* beyond their power, and by other agency called into being before their eyes.

In no scenes of missionary work have these cheering tokens been more largely given than in some of the groups and single islands of the South Pacific. Very early in the history of the Friendly Islands Mission, natives were employed in the simplest duties of teaching; and soon there grew up well-instructed men, having the best of all qualifications for the preaching of the Gospel,—the triumphant consciousness that it was “the power of God” to their own souls. From amongst these some have always been ready to go forth to other lands to fulfil their ministry. Thus Joel Bulu went to Fiji; and

since then many more have gone there from the Tongan Isles on the same holy errand. Whilst, in the Fijian Archipelago itself, God's work has been always producing most efficient and devoted workers, there have thus been mingled with them, as still there are, men from the other group, toiling—both sowing and reaping—in that field from which have been gathered such great harvests. It should be stated, however, that, for some years past, many of the Tongans employed in the mission work in Fiji have not come thither for that express purpose, but belong to the large immigrant Tongan population settled in some of the Fijian islands.

But the great bulk of the native mission agency in this group is supplied by its own people. It is hardly possible to realize—there are very few men living who can—the vastness of the result betokened by such a fact as this, that there are now at work in Fiji, in the service of Christian teaching, more than eight hundred catechists, six hundred local preachers, and forty-eight assistant missionaries, besides an array of

teachers in day-schools and Sunday-schools, numbering thousands.¹

All these have a recognised and official position in the church; while the “assistant missionaries”² have been solemnly set apart to the full service of the Christian ministry.

“Training institutions for native agents are under the charge of some of these men; others have distant and extensive districts, with numerous societies, on several islands in some cases, to manage. Then they meet weekly the catechists, local preachers, and class-leaders on the island

¹ The above was written for the first edition of this book in 1871. The latest returns are as follows:—

1,240 Chapels and other preaching-places.

11 Missionaries.

51 Native ministers.

32 Catechists.

1,070 Teachers.

1,729 Local preachers.

25,097 Church members.

4,552 Members on trial.

3,310 Class-leaders.

40,882 Scholars.

1,741 Schools.

2,097 School teachers.

103,526 Attendants on public worship.

² Now called Native Ministers.

where they reside, for consultation on the work, and to investigate its state in each village, and for arranging for the Sabbath services. They take a leading part with the missionary in the quarterly and annual meetings of all the labourers in the circuit; and some have been called to join in the annual district meeting with the English missionaries" (*Fiji and Fijians*, new edition, p. 563).

For the training of the various agents employed in the mission, there is Navuloa College, situate between Mbau and Rewa, on Viti Levu, for preachers and catechists, and several institutions in different places for the education of local helpers, who are to occupy subordinate, but still very important, positions in the service. These establishments are generally in the care of native ministers, under the superintendence of the nearest English missionary.

Navuloa is a most important and very successful institution. Visitors of all sorts have spoken in the highest terms of the results attained, and of the general management, with a resident

missionary at the head, assisted by a native minister. As the students all work to raise their own food, the cost is but little more than the salary of the Principal. In many cases the men trained here have made acquirements which, considering everything, are really surprising. Their handwriting, in some cases, is good enough to fit them for any respectable commercial desk. And this, be it remembered, in a people whose language, less than fifty years ago, had never been represented by written signs.

These few particulars, it is believed, will give additional interest to the following pages, and will prompt the devout reader to offer thanks to God, Who has raised up for His service, out of a cannibal nation, many good and faithful men, who are well represented by the excellent Joel Bulu.

It has, unfortunately, been found impossible to procure from Fiji any particulars of the closing years of this good man's life. This is greatly to be regretted; for the record of such a life is, for the Church, a treasure beyond all price.

As to the general character of his course, the testimony is distinct and unqualified. His whole time and strength were devoted to the work of his high calling; and not only did the reputation of his fine Christian life remain untarnished to the end, but he gained more and more of the reverent love of all about him—those loving him most who knew him best.

We are indebted to Miss Gordon Cumming for the affectionately genial and graphic description of the final scenes of this remarkable personal history; and to her, for this welcome service, as for all her frank and hearty testimony to the work of our missions in Fiji, our best thanks are due.

G. S. R.

LONDON, *May*, 1884.

JOEL BULU:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

JWAS born at Vavau¹ in the heathen days, nor was it till I was a big lad that the *Lotu*² came to our land. When I heard the report of it, I was full of anger, and my soul burned with hatred against it. "And shall our gods be forsaken?" I cried in great wrath. "As for me, I will never forsake them."

There were many others also of my mind; and we were one together in our hatred against the lotu, until one day, when we heard a man talking of it, who said that it promised a land of the dead different from the *Bulotu*³ of which

¹ Vavau, one of the Friendly Islands.

² The Lotu, *i.e.* Christianity.

³ *Bulotu* (Tongan), *Pulotu* (Samoan), *Burotu* (Fijian). The abode of the gods, whither, according to Tongan tradition, the

our fathers spoke—even a home in the sky for the good, while evil men were cast into a dreadful place, wherein there burned a fire which none

spirits of dead men go. A strange and beautiful legend tells of a speaking tree being there, and a fountain of life. Maui, the king of the gods, fished up Tonga from the bottom of the sea, and thither a number of the younger gods fled, leaving Buletu. As a punishment for this rebellion, they were made *Mahamahaki* (feeble, or sickly); nor were they permitted to return to Buletu. These runaway gods thus became the fathers of the Tongan race.

Fijians say that Burotu is sometimes seen by those who are sailing from the Windward Islands towards Kandavu, always with the sunlight strong upon it; but when they steer for it, it always fades at their approach, growing fainter and fainter as they draw nearer and nearer, until it utterly disappears, and they sail in speechless wonderment over the spot where they saw it standing, green and beautiful, in the midst of the waters. The people of Matuku say that burnt-out torches of a strange make, with handles of shell, sometimes drift to their land; and, when they find them, they say, "See the torches from Burotu." Moreover, an old legend has it that Burotu was formerly to be seen from the hill-tops of Ono; but that two goddesses, who perfidiously drowned in the Ono passage many boys and girls belonging to the Livuka tribe, hid it thenceforward from mortal eye. Even now, on moonlight nights, the drowned children are heard singing in the Ono passage; "and this," says the legend, "is ever the song they sing:

"Tuvana e colo, Tuvana e ra,
Ko Nasali sa cere bābā;
Ko Burotu erau sa vunia tur'ga."

(Tuvana of the mountain, Tuvana of the plain, Nasali is plainly in sight: as for Burotu, they two are hiding it.)

could quench. On that very night I went forth with the lads of our town. It was a fine night ; and looking up to the heavens where the stars were shining, this thought suddenly smote me : "O the beautiful land ! If the words be true which were told us to-day, then are these lotu people happy indeed ;" for I saw that the earth was dark and gloomy, while the heavens were clear, and bright with many stars ; and my soul longed with a great longing to reach that beautiful land. "I will lotu," said I, "that I may live among the stars."

But I feared my father and our kinsfolk, for they were all heathen, and great was their hatred against the lotu ; so that it was many days before I could make up my mind. But I could not rest because of the great longing within my soul, and at length I went away to another town, where dwelt Ulukalala, a Christian chief, and made my request to one of his people, who took me to him, saying, "Here is the son of Mafitangata : he is come, because he wishes to lotu."

"Good is your coming," cried the chief, for

great was his joy. "But why do you want to lotu?"

"I have heard," was my reply, "of the good land whither you go after death; wherefore do I wish to lotu, that I also may be a dweller in the sky."

So they prayed over me. And thus it was that I turned to Christianity; but of its meaning I knew nothing. One thing only I knew, that I wanted to live among the stars.

When my father heard what was done, he was very angry; and calling together all our kinsfolk, he sent for the heathen priest, and told him that I had cast away the old gods, and why. Then the priest became inspired after their lying fashion, and uttered a lamentable cry: "Why has he forsaken me? What have I done to him that he should hate me? Have I not always watched over and kept him ever since he was but a little child? and now that he is a big lad, he turns his back upon me."

Then were my friends very mad against me when they heard these words, which they believed

to be the words of the god (for, when a priest was inspired, we used to think that it was not he who spoke, but the god), and they sprang to their feet in hot wrath, saying, "Let him be clubbed ! He shall die to-day !"

And I was afraid when I heard these words and saw the deadly anger in their faces ; so I said to myself, "It were well for me to lie to them, that I may live ;" and I cried out, "Take pity upon me. I will cast away the lotu." With these words their wrath was appeased ; but no sooner had I spoken than a great grief sprang up in my breast. "I have thrown away the good land," said my soul within me ; and, stealing away into the forest, I knelt down and prayed to God : "O Lord, I have cast away the lotu because I feared the anger of my friends ; but I lied to them, I lied to them, for I wish to hold it still." And thus, day after day, I used to hide myself in the forest, and pray to God, though indeed I knew not what to ask Him for. All I knew of the lotu was the good land among the stars.

When Ulukalala heard that my father had

made me turn heathen again, he was very angry, and our friends were afraid of his wrath; so they made a great feast, to which the priest was called, whereat they bade farewell for me to the heathen gods, and gave me over to the lotu. So I went away to Hakoka, the town of Ulukalala, where I lived until war arose between the lotu folk and the heathen, wherein we were victorious; and when we had beaten them, they said that our God was stronger than theirs; wherefore they all lotued, and I went back to my father.

All this time I knew but little of religion—my soul was dark; but I tried to be good, because of the great longing that I had after the beautiful land in the sky; and so ignorant was I, that I thought I could get there by my own strength alone. Then came Mr. Thomas to Vavau; and, standing under a tree in the public square, he preached to us from the parable of the tares among the wheat. It was this sermon that pierced my soul; for I had thought that I was one of the wheat, and now I found that I was among the tares. As I heard, I wept and trembled, for

I thought, “I shall never see the good land ;” and it seemed to me that the devils were waiting for me behind the trees which grew in the square, to drag me down to that awful pit of which I had heard, where burns the fire that none can quench. When the sermon was over, and the people rose to go, I sat in my place, quaking for fear, and weeping in great anguish, for all the strength had gone out of my body ; and I could not rise, till some of my friends raised me up, and led me away, staggering like a drunken man. When we reached the house, I fell down within the doorway, weeping bitterly ; and our people, looking upon me, and seeing that my face was like that of a man in great pain (for the anguish of my soul was written upon my face), thought that some evil disease had taken hold upon me. “What is the matter with you ?” they asked ; and I said, “Pray for me. Pray for me, I beseech you.” So they knelt down and prayed for me, first one, and then another, till they were tired ; and then they sat looking at me, not knowing what it was that made me

weep. But I found no comfort in their prayers, for they prayed for my body, whereas it was my soul that was sick; so I rose, and going to an empty outhouse, I knelt down there by myself, weeping and praying before the Lord, for now I felt that I was a sinner: the wrath of God lay heavy upon my soul, and I hated myself because of my evil ways. "O, what is that repentance whereof the preacher told us?" I cried. "Lord, let me find it, that I may live;" for so dark was my soul, that I did not know that this sorrow and fear of mine were marks of repentance. Thus I continued for a long while, no longer thinking that I was fit for the good land among the stars, but seeking the Lord in prayer with many tears; and often did I hide myself in the forest, and pray to God that He would give me this repentance; while so great was my fear, that if but a bird flew suddenly past me, I started and trembled, thinking that the devils were come to drag me away.

When the Christian people saw my earnestness, they had compassion upon me, and came

near to me, teaching me all they knew of the Way of Life. The missionary also took pity upon me, and comforted me with many good words, so that I began to understand somewhat more of the way; but still my sorrow did not leave me, and I could find no rest for my soul. Thus I went on for many days, seeking the Lord with tears, but finding Him not; and at length I was appointed to help in the work. So I went forth to teach others—I who wanted teaching myself; but indeed I did what I could, exhorting all men to flee from the wrath to come, from which I also was fleeing with all my might though whither to go for safety I knew not.

At last there came a day (1834) whereon the missionaries (of whom Mr. Turner was one) assembled us together to hold a Love-feast—us who were employed in the work; and when we had sung a hymn and prayed, then Mr. Turner stood up to declare the work of God in his soul. My heart burned within me as I listened to his words; for, in speaking of himself, he told all I had felt, and I said to myself, “We are like two canoes sailing

bow and bow, neither being swifter nor slower than the other." Thus it was with me while he told of his repentance; but when he went on to speak of his faith in Christ, the forgiveness of his sins, and the peace and joy which he found in believing, then said I, "My mast is broken, my sail is blown away; he is gone clean out of my sight, and I am left here drifting helplessly over the waves." But while I listened eagerly to his words, telling of the love of Christ to him, my eyes were opened. I saw the way; and I, even I also, believed and lived. I was like a man fleeing for his life from an enemy behind him, and groping along the wall of a house in the dark to find the door, that he may enter in and escape, when, lo! a door is suddenly opened before his face, and straightway, with one bound, he leaps within. Thus it was with me as I listened to the words of Mr. Turner: my heart was full of joy and love, and the tears streamed down my cheeks. Often had I wept before; but not like my former weeping were the tears which I now shed. Then I wept out of

sorrow and fear, but now for very joy and gladness, and because my heart was full of love to Him Who had loved me and given Himself for me ; and Mr. Turner, seeing the tears raining heavily down from my eyes, called upon me to speak. "Stand up, Joel," said he. "Stand up, and tell us how it is with you."

So I stood up ; but it seemed to me as if my soul were parted from my body, and I remember nothing more until I found myself lying on the mats, Mrs. Cargill supporting my head upon her lap, while the missionaries held me by the hand, weeping as they looked down upon me. "What is this ?" they cried. "What ails you, Joel ?"

"I live !" said I ; "I live ! Let me arise, that I may declare the mercies of God." And even while I spoke, there arose a great cry in our midst, and a burst of weeping, for the hearts of all were strangely moved ; and Mr. Turner stood up with the tears streaming down his cheeks, and cried aloud, "Let us spend the rest of our time in prayer, and in praising God."

O, what a day was that ! Never can I forget

it. The prayers, the praises, and the tears of joy! There were many like myself, who had long been seeking the Lord; and how many of us there were who found Him on that day I do not remember rightly, but we were very many. Nor did we break up our meeting until the night had come over the land; and even then we were loth to part. Before we went away, Mr. Turner said to us, "Blessed be God for the great thing which He has wrought among us to-day! But this is only the beginning of a greater work. Let us now go, each man to his own house, and pray that the heavenly rain, which has watered our souls, may fall on all the land, for the land is athirst."

And this word of his came to pass; for when a teacher, named Isaiah, who was with us in our meeting, went to preach at another town, the same great work broke out there also. And so it went from place to place, until it reached the town of the king, whither we all went to help it on, and to rejoice over the great things which our God was bringing to pass. This was the time when King George repented of his sins,

and lay weeping on the chapel floor until he could bear no more, but fled away to his own house, where he ceased not to seek the Lord with strong crying and tears until he found Him, to the joy of his soul; and then we were all gathered together to his house, that he might tell us what God had done for him. And still the work went on from house to house, and from town to town; strangers also, who had come sailing to us from the other islands, carrying it with them when they went back to their homes —a work great and glorious, such as I have never seen since those days. As for myself, I lived in great peace and joy, for everything was going on well, and I used to think that, if we had all died in those days, we should have gone straight to heaven in one great and mighty band. O that I could see such a work as that here in Fiji I have worked for it, I have prayed for it, I have waited for it; and if I could but see it coming, if I could live through but one day of it, then would I say with joy and gladness, like Simeon of old, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy

servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen
Thy salvation."

After a while Mr. Turner went away from Vavau, and Mr. Thomas came in his stead. In those days there was a great friend of mine, one Jacob Fekeila by name, the teacher at Leimatua, which was about as far from the town where I was stationed as Mbau is from Kamba [about six miles]; and with him I used to meet every Friday, that we might pray together, and help one another on the way to heaven. One day, as I was going to see him, there met me in the path a man, who told me that the word of the missionaries in Fiji had come to Tonga, begging for teachers to help them in the work of God; and while he was yet speaking, my soul burned within me, and a great longing sprang up in my heart to go away to that land and declare the glad tidings of salvation to the people that knew not God. I spoke no word, for indeed I could not speak; but, turning my back upon the man, I went on my way towards Leimatua, weeping as I went, because of the fulness of my heart.

There I found my friend waiting for me in the little house which he had built as a house of prayer. "What is the matter with you?" he asked, for he saw the tears in my eyes; and I told him of my meeting the man in the path, and of the great longing which had sprung up within my soul.

"Good," said he. "Perhaps it is the will of God concerning you. Let us pray about it;" and, kneeling down, we prayed for each other, and for Fiji also—asking moreover of the Lord to put it into the hearts of the missionaries to send me to Fiji, if it were His will that I should go; and, after our prayer was ended, I went back to my own town.

That night I could not sleep, but lay thinking of Fiji, and weeping as I thought of how there were many thousands there who were living in darkness, not knowing the true God. At last I could refrain no longer, and, rising to my feet, I said to my wife, "I cannot sleep; I must go to Neiafu." Now this Neiafu was the town where the missionary lived, and there also dwelt a

Christian chief, Silas Faone by name, with whom I often met for prayer. So I went to him, and told him all that was in my mind. "Lie down now and sleep," said he, when he had heard my words. "In the morning we will ask the missionary about it."

In the early morning, before the sun had well risen, there came a man, called Isaiah Vovoli, to the house where I had slept.

"Are you here, Joel?" he cried. "Good is your coming, for I was just going to seek you. Mr. Thomas has sent me for you."

So I went to the mission-house; and Mr. Thomas said to me, "Joel, a letter has come from Fiji, begging for help; and ever since I read that letter I have been thinking of you."

Then I told him why I had come to Neiafu, how Fiji was ever before my eyes, and how the desire to go thither lay like a burning coal at my heart. "Good is the will of the Lord," said he. "It is plain that you must go. Come, Joel, let us kneel down and ask God's blessing upon you." And thus the matter was settled.

Great was the weeping of my friends on the day of our departure. My wife and I, we also wept at parting from them; but though my eyes were wet, yet was there joy in my heart, for the Lord comforted me. We sailed to Fiji in a canoe, hoisting sail when the day was far spent, so that the land was still in sight when darkness came down upon the waters. We went sailing through the night before a pleasant breeze, through all the next day also, and the following night; but on the second morning Mothe¹ rose out of the waters in our course, and landing there, we offered up our thanksgivings to the Lord, because He had brought us thither in safety. Thence we went on to Lakemba, where Mr. Cargill rejoiced greatly at our coming; and I set myself to learn the language, and to help in the work. After I had been here some little time, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Calvert came out from England, bringing with them a printing press.

¹ Mothe, a small island within a large and beautiful lagoon formed by the coral reef, about twenty miles from Lakemba. They must have passed several dangerous reefs during the night.

Mr. Hunt¹ went to Rewa, and I was appointed to help Mr. Calvert in the printing, which I did until it was the mind of the missionaries to send me to Rewa; whither I went with Mr. Lyth, who also had come down from Tonga to preach the Gospel in Fiji.

There were but few Christians at Rewa in those days, and many were the sufferings which we had to endure. We were often abused and threatened, our goods were stolen, and the heathen stoned us when we met together to worship God. But none of these things moved us, for we believed that our God was stronger than the devil, and that He would prevail. We lived at Nasali, the river being between us and the town; and awful were the sights which we saw from day to day, for Rewa was then a great kingdom, strong, and full of people. All the open spaces in the midst of the town, which are now empty and grass-grown, were then covered with houses, and the hearts of both chiefs and people were

¹ See *Life of John Hunt, Missionary to the Cannibals of Fiji.* London.

hardened and lifted up, so that they defied the living God ; wherefore has He smitten them down and destroyed them, and the mounds whereon stood the houses of the living are now full of the bones of the dead. Day after day we saw the bodies of the slain brought to the town, and the refuse floating past us as we stood upon our bank of the river ; for the Notho people were then fighting among themselves ; and when any one was killed, the body was brought to Rewa, and presented to the king. These were not eaten, for Notho belongs to Rewa, and they were killing one another in their own quarrel ; but their bodies used to be thrown down on the flat opposite our houses, and there the children used to drag them up and down, sometimes on land, sometimes in the water, singing the Song of Death.

Moreover, the Tokatoka and the Nakelo¹ tribes were always at war in those days. They lay in wait for one another in the paths : they hid

¹ Notho, Nakelo, and Tokatoka are large and powerful tribes near Rewa.

themselves in the long reeds on the river banks, whence they fired their guns and threw their spears at the women as they came down with their water-pots or their fish-baskets, at the canoes as they passed by, and at the children at their play. Seldom could you pass their towns without hearing the death-drum booming forth from one bank or the other; and the bodies of these slain also were brought to Rewa, either to the king, or to Nggara ni Nggio,¹ his

¹ Nggara ni Nggio (Shark's Cave), brother of the King of Rewa, whom he succeeded;—a noted Fijian warrior, who now lies buried in a lofty mound close to the mission-house at Rewa. He had several other names, as Ndaku Wangka (Back on Fire), etc. The Rewans speak of him with fond regret, though he was a savagely cruel man, as, witness the following instance:—

A woman, one of his household, brought him food which was badly cooked.

“What is your hand given you for?” he asked in a quiet tone. “It is given you to cook my food. And what now is the use of it? Cut it off, Koroi Ngavoka; cut it off.”

The cruel deed was done; but the king’s anger was not yet appeased. “Let her eat it,” he cried; and the bleeding arm was thrust into her mouth.

This Koroi Ngavoka is still living (1868)—a Rewa chief of high rank. I know him well, and he is always very kind and obliging, ready to help in anything within his power. I asked him once whether this horrid tale were true. “It is true,” said he, with a placid nod. “I cut her arm off. It was taken away and cooked for eating.”

brother, who took opposite sides in the quarrel, though not themselves coming to blows about it. These bodies also were not eaten. Having been presented to the chiefs, they were sent back for burial; but we saw that the Tokatoka men always cut out the tongue, the heart, etc., before they brought a dead body to Rewa. Men from Suva and other places were always eaten; and Rewa being then on friendly terms with Mbau, whole canoe-loads were often brought thence as goodwill offerings, at which times we looked on sights that made our hearts sick with a deadly sickness. Well do I remember one day, when Mbau and Viwa had smitten Teilau—the little island opposite Viwa, which stands empty at this day—how a large war-canoe came in heavily laden with the dead, who were taken ashore and piled up in a great heap on the low flat opposite to our houses; and when the Mbau messenger had finished his report, the king said, “Do what you like with them,” whereupon there rose a sudden yell. A great rush was made down to the water-side, and the bodies were dragged

hither and thither, as the people struggled with one another over them, many clutching at the same body, cutting them up limb from limb, tearing them asunder, and snatching the pieces out of each other's hands. And the yells rose louder and louder as the people grew ever fiercer in their eagerness; women and children also mingling with them in the struggle, their shrill voices rising high amid the uproar. Many years have passed since that fearful day; but sometimes, even now, I see that struggling crowd and hear that awful yelling in my dreams; and when I wake, I thank God for the lotu, which has wrought so wondrous a change in that proud and savage tribe.

Where the missionary's study is now built, on the raised mound called Thakauyawa, there stood a house, in which the hands of the slain were hung up and smoked. I have seen the roof full of hands, hanging there in the smoke, the fingers drawn up like the claws of a roosting bird; and the chiefs would sit round the fire, and point up at them with a laugh and

savage jest, making their mock at their dead owners.

I was at Rewa when the chiefs of America came in their war-ships and took Ratu Veindovi away, because he had killed some of their people who were fishing for bêche-de-mer in the old times. The King of Rewa, with the queen and others also, went to see the ship, and the American chief kept them on board, saying that he would not let them go unless Veindovi were given to him. When this news was brought to the town, there was a great uproar, and the warriors ran together, vowing to kill us all, because they thought the missionaries had a hand in this deed. Then were we in great fear, but a Rewa chief came over to us ; and when the warriors appeared in sight, he went up to them, and presented an offering of atonement for us, begging that we might not be killed. So we escaped ; but indeed we thought that our time had come.

The chiefs hardened their hearts, and set their faces against the lotu ; but in spite of them the

work went on, though slowly, and doors were opened here and there. Thus we found an opening to the island of Kandavu, whither two teachers were sent,—even Isaac, a Fijian, and Abraham, a countryman of my own, who was afterwards with me at Nandi, and who was lost at sea in the great hurricane—he and many others. They lived at a town called Suesue ; and the lotu was making good way, when Abraham, having come from Kandavu to make his report to the missionaries, was forbidden by Nggara ni Nggio to return ; and we heard that a canoe belonging to the Vusanamu tribe¹ was being made ready for sea, the chief having sent orders that they were to go to Kandavu and kill Isaac. When we heard this report we were in great perplexity, for we could not leave our comrade to die without making an effort to save him ; but what to do we knew not. At length

¹ These are also called Tonga-Viti, or Tongan Fijians, being the descendants of a number of Tongans who fled from their own land to Fiji, bringing with them, as their god, a large turtle-shell, which was said to have come down from Langi (the sky), and concerning which there is a curious legend.

we begged a double canoe from one of the chiefs, and I was sent to look after Isaac, and to bring him away if I could. A miserable sailing was that; for the wind was strong, the sea ran high, and the rain came pouring down all the day, so that we could not see whither we were steering. We were wet, and cold, and wretched, being, moreover, in great fear that the sea would swallow us up; but the Lord watched over us, and brought us safe to land. It was late at night when we reached Kandavu, and very dark, the rain still falling heavily; and we anchored the canoe in deep water, so that we might hoist sail at once and flee, if need were; for we durst not run her on the beach, for fear lest we should be attacked; in which case, if she were aground, we should all have been killed while trying to get her afloat.

“Who will go with me to the town?” I asked; and two of our people volunteered. So we three went together, creeping stealthily along the beach towards the town, for we knew not whether Isaac were living or dead, the Vusanamu

canoe having got the start of us. Presently we were aware of a smell—the smell of an oven¹ wherein a man is being baked; and a great fear came upon us. “It is all over!” said I; “we are too late;” and groping along the sand in the darkness, we found the oven with a club hanging over it—the club, I suppose, wherewith the deed was done. “It is Isaac who lies baking here,” we said; and, weeping, we returned to the canoe. After telling our comrades what we had found, we went ashore again, being fully resolved to make sure as to his fate, though we doubted not that the man in the oven was he. Through the rain and the darkness we groped

¹ Fijians, to bake a pig, a turtle, or a man, dig a hole in the ground sufficiently large for their purpose. They fill it with wood, which they set on fire. Into this fire they throw a great number of small stones. When the wood is burned down, and the stones are well heated, they clear out the oven, lifting the stones quickly and nimbly. They line the oven with green leaves, on which they lay the pig, or whatever else the baking may be, having cleaned and made it ready while the fire was burning. Hot stones, wrapped in leaves, are thrust within the pig's body. Green leaves are now strewn over it, the hot stones thrown in atop, and the whole carefully covered with the ashes and with earth. Presently a light vapour arises, diffusing a fragrant smell. A pig thus cooked is wholesome and juicy eating.

our way to the town, and, creeping into Isaac's house, we crouched down within the doorway, scarce daring to breathe, lest his murderers should be sleeping there, and at our wits' end to know how to find out who were in the house. "Let us put something on the fire," said I in a low whisper. "If they are here, we can escape before they are fully awake;" and gathering together the leaves and bits of reeds which lay in the fireplace, a bright flame soon shot up from the hearth, by the light whereof we saw a mosquito-curtain hastily lifted up from within, and we heard a startled voice crying, "Who's that? Who is there?"

"From Rewa we. Who are you?" said I, hand and foot ready for a spring, that we might rush to the door and escape. "Methuselah," answered the man. "Is that you, Joel? Who is with you? Why are you come?"

"It is I. Our people are with me. But where is Isaac?"

"He is sleeping here behind me," answered

Methuselah, pointing to the end of the house.
"Wake up, Isaac. Joel Bulu is here."

"Hush!" said I. "Speak low. Who, then, is the man in that oven on the beach?"

Great was our rejoicing when we saw Isaac alive and well; and he told us that he whom we had found in the oven was a Kandavu man, whom the Vusanamu had killed at the command of Ratu Nggara ni Nggio. He told us, moreover, that the murderers had said nothing to him, save that the chief was resolved that there should be no more lotu at Kandavu; so we got him and his on board the canoe as soon as possible, and took them back with us to Rewa.

It was while I was living on this station that I fought with a great shark.¹ Here are the marks of his teeth on my arm, where you see this big scar. Truly that was a wonderful

¹ This is a most wonderful tale. But there are still living those who were eye-witnesses of the facts here recorded, though, indeed, Joel's word is a good and sufficient voucher for their truth; and those who know him best, know that no further testimony is needed.

deliverance. One night I dreamt that a shark bit my arm—this arm here, where you see the deep scar—and I awoke in great fear; but finding it was only a dream, my heart was glad. For many days afterwards, when I went to bathe, I feared to go down into the deep water, but stayed close to the shore, lest my dream should come true. But one day a young chief, who was *vasu*¹ to Mbau, called me, saying, “Come out for a swim, Joel;” and I refused, for I feared the shark. Again he called me, and again I refused; but when for the third time he shouted for me to come, I saw that he was bent upon it, and I did not like to say “no,” lest his heart should be evil against me. So I went with him. In the river there were many boys

¹ A man's nephew is called his *vasu*; but *vasu* is a title of office rather than of kinship; for the nephew has strange rights with regard to his uncle, and can take his property unquestioned. It is even said that, a chief being at war with his nephew, the latter actually went to his uncle's house and took thence gunpowder, etc., none daring to say him nay. It should here be noted that the sons of a man's brothers are not called his nephews in Fiji, but his *sons*, he being their great-father, or little-father, according as he is older or younger than their fathers. It is the sons of his sisters only who are his nephews. This is only one of the peculiarities of the most remarkable

swimming their toy canoes ; and laying hold of one, he said, "Take a canoe, Joel, and let us see which will beat—yours or mine." So I took one ; and presently seeing that his was shooting ahead, I gave mine a push to make it go faster ; whereupon he also pushed his, and soon we were swimming in the deep water, following our canoes. "Let us go to the other bank," said he ; and we swam across the river, a great crowd of Mbauans and Rewans following us. They all climbed up the bank ; but I stayed in the river, for it was in my mind to swim back and return to my house. As I was wading towards the deep water, I saw two little waves coming towards me on the surface. "It is a shark," I

system of kinship which prevails among these Polynesian races, and which is found among the North American Indian tribes as well as among the Tamil and Telugu tribes of Southern India ; affording conclusive proof of a common origin for all these widely scattered races. Extensive researches into this matter have been set on foot by Mr. Lewis Morgan, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S., from which we may look for results highly important to ethnological science.

When a great lady is given by one tribe or kingdom in marriage to another, her son is *vasu* to the tribe or kingdom from which his mother came ; and has many privileges, giving him great power and influence among them.

thought. "My dream is true." I was afraid to turn back, for I was too far from the shore. So I stood still, hoping that the shark might not see me; and the little waves came slowly on. Holding my breath, I stood, and by and by the waves disappeared. Then I said, "It was nothing;" and I struck out to swim for Nasali. Suddenly something struck sharply against my thigh. It was the shark biting me, but I did not feel much pain; and, thinking it was only one of the young men who had dived and caught hold of me, I put my hand down to seize him, and lo, it was a shark! Then was it with me as if my soul were clean gone out of my body. A great darkness fell upon my eyes, and I could no longer see the shore or the people or the houses: all was dark. One thing only I remembered—the lotu; and I said, "To-day my life is at an end. Let me now pray once more to my God." I prayed, and in one moment the darkness was gone, though still I could not see the shore or any earthly being; but as I looked upwards, it seemed to me that

the heavens opened, and I saw the throne of God, and a great multitude clothed in white raiment, and shining with a blaze of light. O the glory of it, the wondrous glory! It was gone in a moment, like a flash of lightning on a dark night; but I saw it, I saw it! As plain as noonday I saw it, and my soul was glad and strong within me. I wished not to live. "Let me die to-day," said my heart, rejoicing. I no longer feared the shark. It was as nothing to me, though my flesh was torn, and my blood was flowing. But now he let go my thigh, and came at me again to bite me. Then I seemed to awake, as it were, out of a dream, and my soul grew hot against him as against an enemy who wished to kill me. When he drew near, and opened his mouth to bite, I thrust my hand down his throat—down, down as far as I could thrust it, for I thought I would tear out his heart, and so kill him. His teeth closed on my arm, and tore the flesh;¹ but still I worked my

¹ The scar of this wound is frightful to look upon even now. It extends all round the arm, and goes down to the very bone, which seems in one place to have only a covering of skin over it.

hand downwards with all my might ; and at length he could no longer bite me, but opened his mouth as if he were sick. Then I snatched forth my hand, and, clasping him round the body with both arms, I lifted him up as high as I could, holding my head down so that he could not bite me. Thus I staggered with him towards the shore, and I could hear his jaws clashing together over my head as he tried to bite ; but I held him fast, and I believe that I should have got him to land, only that, when I reached the shallow water, my right arm, which he had bitten, fell powerless to my side, whereupon he slipped out of my grasp, and began to swim away, though very slowly and feebly. So hot was my wrath against him, that I turned and caught him again by the tail with my left hand ; but now the shore and the trees and the people seemed as if they were going round and round. A deadly sickness crept upon my heart ; a mist came over my eyes ; there was a sound in my ears like the roaring of the surf ; I fell down and knew no more. And

this is how the Lord delivered me out of that fearful strife.

We had not much to cheer us in those days. But few turned to serve the living God; for the people were eaten up of savage pride, and the land was full of all manner of heathen abominations, some of which I have already told; but there were others concerning which I dare not even speak. It was when war broke out between Mbau and Rewa that we had to look upon the worst sights; for then the people grew mad with rage, and there was no end to the killing of men and the strangling of widows. Truly these were awful times, for there was no peace nor any sense of safety either day or night. The chiefs were divided among themselves, every man's hand being against his neighbour, while the enemy were pressing upon them from without; so that things grew worse and ever worse as the Mbauans gained ground, until the missionaries had to leave; and, after a little while, I also went away in the *Triton* to

Viwa, where Mr. Hunt was living: nor was it many days afterwards before Rewa was sacked and burnt to the ground, its people being slain with a fearful slaughter.

When I had stayed some time at Viwa, Mr. Hunt sent me over to Vanua Levu in a canoe, that I might go throughout the land as far as I could, and see whether there were any place where we could gain a footing. The white men were then living at Solevu on that land, and thither I went first in a little canoe, narrowly escaping being wrecked on the way; for the wind being strong, with a heavy sea, we ran bows under into a great wave that rose up suddenly before us, and in a moment the canoe was full of water. Springing to my feet, I threw all our boxes overboard with everything we were carrying, and then, leaping into the sea, we held the canoe up until it could be baled out. So we escaped with our lives, though with the loss of nearly all we had in the world.

When I reached Solevu, I found that there

was an old priest of a heathen god at an inland town called Muanaithaki, who had been to Mbau, where he heard of the lotu ; and returning to his own town, he called his kinsfolk together, and told them that he was resolved to turn his back upon the old gods, and worship Him alone of Whom he had now been told.

So I went to his town ; and great was his rejoicing when he heard who I was, and why I had come. "Good is your coming," said he. "I thank God that He has sent you to teach us dark-minded men the way of life."

He gave me a house to live in, and cared for all my wants ; and I went about from town to town, talking with the chiefs and the people, and telling them of the one true God, and of Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinful men. When I went to a town, I used to ask for the chief's house, and entering therein, made my report after the Fijian fashion, to which answer would be made according to their custom ; then I used to talk about ordinary matters, telling any news

that might be stirring ; and when we had thus got into friendly talk, I would speak of the lotu, and of the good things which are written in the word of God. Many of the people listened eagerly to my words, declaring that the things whereof I spoke were good things indeed, and better than those which they had heard from their fathers ; but the heathen priests hated me, and spoke evil of me continually. After staying at Muanaithaki for many days, and going throughout much of the land, I sailed back to Viwa, that I might make my report to the missionaries. And when Mr. Hunt heard my story, then was his soul hot within him ; and with tears of joy he gave thanks to God for His mercies to me.

But when I was appointed to go back and dwell in that land, my heart sank within me, and I feared to go ; for though I had been well received, yet I knew that the priests would stir up evil against me, and I said, "I am going to my death." Nevertheless, though I was sore afraid, yet it never entered my mind to refuse

to go, for I knew it was the will of God concerning me; so I bade farewell to the missionaries, and sailed away in great heaviness of soul.

At first things went well enough. Almost every day there came to me those who wished to lotu, sometimes one by one, sometimes by twos and threes, and sometimes in little bands, until the work grew too great for me, and I sent to Mr. Hunt begging for help. He sent me my countryman Abraham, of whom I have spoken before. But when, after a little while, the work still growing on our hands, we asked for further help, then he sent us word that he could give us nothing but his prayers; that we could have no more men, but must do the best we could by ourselves; and indeed there were no men to be had in those days. So I said, "We must find our helpers here;" and we gathered the best of the young men together every night at my house, reading and praying with them, and teaching them all we knew, so that they might be able to teach others.

And truly these young men were of great use to us ; for some of them did good service in the work, not fearing even to die, that they might help the cause of Christ.

But when the devil saw that we began to be many, and that his people were escaping alive out of his hands, then he bestirred himself to bring mischief upon us, and to hinder the work of God. The priests were his great helpers in this evil work. When any misfortune happened, they would become inspired, and cry out, as they lay convulsed and foaming at the mouth, after their lying manner, that the gods had wrath against the land because of us ; so that the hearts of the heathen people were turned against us, and we began to suffer persecution. They dug up our plantations, defiled our bread-pits,¹ killed our live stock, and vexed

¹ Fijian *mandrai*, or bread, which is made by the women, is of various kinds, whereof that made from bananas is the most highly esteemed. Here is the recipe :—To make Banana *Mandrai*.—First choose a dry spot, well above flood-mark, and dig a hole of a size proportioned to your stock of fruit. Line the pit carefully with long leaves, the ends of which must be somewhat higher than the surface of the ground at the pit's mouth. Peel the bananas, and pile them neatly one

us in every way, until our people could bear no more, and wanted to fight; but I held them back, saying, "Let us endure in patience, according to the word of our Lord: it may be that the evil days will soon be past." But they grew worse, and ever worse.

I had a fine pig in those days—a pig large and fat—which never wandered away from my house, but stayed always about the door eating the leavings of our food; and one day, when I came back from the week-day preaching, I

layer over another until the hole be filled. Fold down the projecting ends of the long leaves so as to cover the mouth of your bread-pit, and lay flat stones on the top, or cover with earth if stones are not to be had. Fermentation will ensue; and you must change your leaves once or twice during the process. Open the pit, say, at two months' end, and you will find the contents reduced to a sort of pulp, and giving forth a stench which, though an utter abomination to you, is yet a sweet-smelling perfume to Fijian nostrils. Take out enough for two or three days' food, and close the pit again. If you wish to make your *mandrai* especially nice, sprinkle grated cocoa-nut and sugar-cane juice over the pulp. Take green banana leaves, and broil them on the embers of your fire (having first drawn out their fibres) until they are thoroughly soft and pliable. Tear them into shreds of sufficient size. Make up small packages of the evil-smelling pulp in these shreds, tying them with the fibres. Boil for an hour, and your bread is ready for eating.

found it was gone, and there was a trail in the dust where it had been dragged along the ground. All our people came running together to my house. "Joel," they cried, "we can endure these things no longer. It is our pigs to-day; it will be ourselves to-morrow. Let us go and have it out with them."

"Stay you here," said I. "If we all go, there will be fighting: therefore will I go alone, and beseech them to take pity upon us, and cease these masterful doings." "Nay, but we will die with you," they cried. "Not so," said I. "Stay here, I beseech you, and wait for my return. The Lord will bring me back alive. Stay here, therefore, you, and pray for me." So they let me go alone.

Now the heathen town was separate from ours, though close to it; and when I went up thither, I found all the townsfolk gathered round an oven wherein fire was burning, and by the side of it lay my pig, all cleaned and made ready for baking.

"Good is the baking!"—thus I saluted them.

“Kombo!¹ The bigness of the pig! Why, it’s very like a pig of mine.”

“Why do you come here asking about pigs?” they cried. “Are you angry? Are you angry? What are you going to do?”

“Nay,” said I, “I am not going to talk with you, for I see that you have evil in your hearts against me. I go to the chief.”

With these words I turned from them, and went up to the house of the great chief, whose name was Masiwawa.

“I have come, sir,” said I to him, “that you may tell me wherein we have offended. Your people have ruined our crops, killed our live stock,—even now are they baking a pig of mine,—and we hear that, when you have taken all our goods, you intend to eat us also. What, then, is the root of it? Tell me now why you are angry with us; and if we have done any wrong, we will not refuse to make amends, or to be punished. It is true that we have turned

¹ A Fijian cry of admiration, or of disapproval, according to the tone in which it is uttered.

our backs upon your gods, but we have not forsaken you. No, sir, our faces are towards you still. You are the chief of this people, whether heathen or lotu, and we are no whit behind the heathen in our willingness to serve you. Tell me now, have you ever shared out to us any work which we have not done, any house which we have not built, any feast which we have not made ? Why, then, should your soul be evil against us ? Your priests say that the gods are angry ; but if they be angry, let them show their anger by punishing us, if they can prevail against the God Who is our defence. We do not fear them. It is you whom we fear."

Then said the chief, "True are your words, Joel. True indeed are your words. There shall be no more of it. Be of a good mind. Look over that which is past, and I will see that you shall be troubled no more."

Thus spake Masiwawa ; and I verily believe that all would have been right between us. But even while we were yet talking together, we heard a sudden tumult without, and shouts

of defiance ; and, rushing forth, I saw that our lads had come up to look after me, and there they were bandying angry words with the people round the oven. So I ran between them, crying, "Why have you come ? Did I not tell you to wait for my return ?"

" We waited," said they, " till we could wait no longer. We are here to die with you. You shall not die alone." And hardly could I persuade them to go back with me, for they were thoroughly roused.

The heathen now resolved to kill us ; and their messengers went to all the neighbouring towns, calling on the warriors to gather together for the attack on the following morning. We heard all that was going on, for we were not without a friend or two among them ; and we were told that they had resolved, after making an end of us, to attack the white men also at Solevu, that the lotu might be utterly trampled out in the land. So I sent a messenger to Mr. Whippy,¹

¹ This gentleman is still living in Fiji (1871)—an old man, hale and strong. He takes great interest in the half-castes,

who was head man among the whites, warning him of our danger and theirs.

"Good is the word of warning," said he. "See, here are guns, and powder, and lead, and flints. Go back to Joel, and tell him to send some of the young men to fetch them."

When the messenger returned, there was great joy among our people because of the weapons of war. But I said, "We will not take them, lest our enemies say that we are defying them. Go one of you down to Solevu, and tell Mr. Whippy that we thank him for his care of us, but that we will not take the weapons, lest the heathen should say we want to fight, and lest they should be angry with him also, and thereby evil befall him." And when Mr. Whippy had heard these words, he said, "It is good. Let the guns

who look up to him with much respect, and he has striven hard to train them to habits of industry and sobriety ; but I fear that his success has not been such as he has deserved. Nevertheless, whether successful or not, he is a man worthy of honour, for he has set his face manfully against all kinds of evil ; and Joel does no more than express the common opinion when he speaks of him as "a kind man, just and upright in all his dealings."

stay here. If evil comes upon you now, it is your own fault. But tell Joel that we shall not forsake you. We shall go up, and see how you fare."

This was during the night. In the early morning we heard the war-trumpets sounding from three different points; and our people gathered together in the open space in front of my house, waiting for the battle. I went out to them, and cried with a loud voice, "Sit down. Let every man sit down. Let them see that we do not want to fight. Sit down, and wait for the will of God. Then, if they fire upon us, let us spring to our feet, and fight for the lives which He has given us."

So they all sat down in silence, each man with his weapon lying across his knees; and the blast of the war-trumpets sounded nearer and nearer, louder and ever louder, until the enemy appeared in sight on the edge of the forest—a great multitude of heathen warriors, all painted and armed for war. When they saw us, they set up a shrill cry; and as with a confused noise they came forward towards us, I spoke to

our people, encouraging them. "Sit still," said I ; "the Lord will fight for us." But when Abraham saw a number of the heathen leaving the main body, and making a circuit as if to get round to the back of our house, then he ran to prevent them, and certain of the young men also ran with him ; but I called them back, and made them sit down again with the others. "Abraham," said I, "do you not know that we die to-day—you and I, and the rest of us here ? Why, then, should you go forth to meet your death, and to bring it upon yourself ? Let the Lord bring it upon us, and it will be well. Perhaps even now He will save us alive."

And the heathen came up to where we were sitting. Those who had guns pointed them at us ; those who were armed with clubs raised them to strike ; the spearmen poised their spears, making them quiver before our eyes ; and the bowmen bent their bows : but no shot was fired, no blow was struck, no spear was thrown, and no arrow flew in our midst. What held them back I cannot say : this only I know, that for a

long while they stood there threatening us with their weapons of war, while we sat in silence, speaking never a word; but our hearts were crying to the Lord for help, and He heard their cry. At length, after the enemy had been for a long time thus threatening us, and we expecting every moment death at their hands, I saw a chief coming towards us through the town with a whale's tooth in his hand. Walking forward between us and the heathen, he sat down and presented the tooth to them, begging that we might live, and that there might be no fighting. And when the chiefs had heard his words, they drew off their men to a distance, and sat down holding a council; whereupon we also withdrew, and presently Mr. Whippy came in, leading the white men and the half-castes, all with their guns, and the bayonets fixed. "Here we are, Joel," he said; "we have come to look after you."

A kind man was this Mr. Whippy, just and upright in all his dealings, and always ready to help forward the good work. Once, when a letter came from Lakemba saying that Mr.

Calvert was ill of dysentery, and greatly needing help, and directing me to forward the news to Viwa, that Mr. Lyth might know (for he was well skilled in medicine), then I being in a great strait because there was no canoe in which I could sail, Mr. Whippy sent me to Viwa in his own schooner with his own men, and brought me back again, never asking so much as a yam for payment.

But, to go on with my tale, after a while two old chiefs from the heathen war-party came to me, bringing with them a whale's tooth as a token of peace ; and sitting down before me in my house, they kissed my hands, sniffing at them, after our fashion in Fiji and Tonga, one taking one hand, and one the other.

“ Joel,” said they, “ we know this day that you are a true man, and that your God is a great God. Wonderful are the things which we have seen to-day, for there was rage in our hearts, and it was in our minds to kill you all ; but when we came to where you were sitting in silence on the ground, all the strength departed from our hands,

and we could do nothing against you. It is you, Joel, who have saved us alive. If we had killed you, it would have been shedding our own blood, for are not all your people our kinsfolk ? Therefore are we sent to ask pardon for our anger, to thank you for your long-suffering, and to tell you that we shall never forget your love to us. Let this tooth of a fish be the burying of all ill-will between us. Know this, moreover, that if any man hereafter does you any harm, he shall be clubbed, whosoever he be, and an even shall be his grave."

Thus did the Lord deliver us on that fearful day. I said that I could not tell what it was that held the heathen back, but I know that it was the mighty power of God. Not once, nor twice, but many times, when there was none to help, has He delivered me, as He will ever deliver all them that put their trust in Him, until the time come for them to enter into the joy of their Lord; and then, whatsoever it be that takes them away, whether disease or shipwreck or the club, all will be well.

After this affair we had no more trouble, but went in and out among the people, preaching to them, and explaining the lotu from town to town and from house to house, none daring to make us afraid. Many cast away heathenism, and joined with us in the worship of the one true and living God ; while even among those who still held to the old gods there was so friendly a spirit toward us, that we were like Job, after the Lord had turned again his captivity ; for all that we had lost was restored to us more than fourfold. And when Mr. Hunt (he who lies buried at Viwa) came to look into the state of the work, he rejoiced with us, and praised our God for His wondrous mercies.

Moreover, there was another thing which turned the hearts of the people towards me. When the news of the attack upon us reached Viwa, Namosimalua¹ and Verani² were very

¹ King of Viwa.

² Verani, the Christian chief Elijah, who was killed by the Lovoni mountaineers. (See *Fiji and Fijians*, new edition, p. 487.)

angry, and came sailing from Viwa with many warriors to avenge us ; and at a council which they held with the Great Lady and the chiefs who ruled in those parts, it was resolved that Masiwawa should be put to death, and his town burned with fire ; but Verani persuaded them to wait till I returned (for I was away from home at the time), and he sent a swift-footed young man after me to bring me back. As soon as I heard from the messenger what was going on, I hastened back with all speed, being in great fear lest I should be too late to prevent the attack on Masiwawa's town ; which, if it had been made, would have undone all the good which had been done, and would have turned the hearts of the people against us once more. When Verani heard of my return, he came to me at once, and, having told me the news, he asked me what my mind was upon the matter.

“Ratu Verani,” said I, “if you love me, if you love the God Whom we both serve, let this thing go no further.” And with that I told him all

that had happened, how no harm had come to us, and how all the heathen were now very friendly, so that the work of God was greatly prospering. "And now, if you make war upon this people," I continued, "you will make them our enemies once more, and you will, moreover, bring an evil report upon the lotu. Wherefore, I beseech you, let there be no fighting."

"Good," said he; "good are your words. I will persuade Namosimalua. Fear not, Joel; there shall be no war."

And he did according to his promise, taking the Viwans back to their own land in peace, whereat the Great Lady and the Nandi chiefs were very wroth; but I cared little for their anger, because I knew that what we had done was right in the sight of God, and because all the heathen folk were now tenfold friendlier than before. "Now we know of a truth that Joel is our friend," they said; and more of them than ever came over to us, turning their backs upon the old gods,—till the work grew to such a greatness, that missionaries were appointed to

the place—even Mr. Watsford and Mr. Ford—who built their houses at Nandi, whither I also went to live with them.

It was in their time that the dreadful hurricane smote us, and the great flood also, which left scarce a house standing on all that coast. Abraham, the teacher who was with me when the heathen came down to kill us, was lost in that storm—he and nearly all of them that were with him in the canoe, some two or three (I forget how many) escaping alive to the shore.

It was in vain that we propped and strengthened the mission-house, for it could not withstand the fury of the storm, but fell on its side, giving us barely time to escape. We fled from house to house, one falling after another, until at length the flood came down from the hills, a great and awful wave, sweeping everything before it, and destroying what the storm had left. I carried Mr. Watsford's little child, who was very ill, holding her close to my breast, and walking backwards against the wind, to shield

her from the rain, which was driven with such force before the furious blast, that it struck and stung like little stones. When the flood came down, I saw a great lot of bamboos drifting past ; and leaping into the water, I swam to them and brought them to the shore. With these bamboos we made a raft, on which we carried the missionaries, with their wives and children, across the flood to a little house on the hill-side which the water did not enter, though it came up to the very doorway before it began to abate. We were all thoroughly drenched, and very cold ; and not being able to endure to see the ladies shivering, and to hear the moans of the little children, I swam back to the mission-house, thinking that I might perhaps find dry clothes for them. But it was full of water, and I could find nothing dry, until, on a shelf on that side of the fallen house which was highest from the ground, I saw a large bundle of Fijian cloth which the rain had not wetted, for it was sheltered beneath the roof. This I took back with me ; and in it the missionaries wrapped themselves,

their wives, and their children, putting off their wet clothes.

After the flood went down we returned to the house; and a pitiable sight it was, for it was full of black mud, which the waters had left, and nearly everything was utterly spoilt. Moreover, after a few days the poor little child died, to our great sorrow, for we all loved her.

At length I was removed from Nandi to Ono.¹ The lotu had become firmly established there long before; but trouble had arisen because of the teachers, who had grown proud, and wanted to live as chiefs among the people, taking upon themselves to interfere in the affairs of the land, whence much ill blood had arisen; and the work was thereby sadly hindered. Wherefore, it being thought good that a missionary should live there for a time, until the wrong things could be set right, Mr. Watsford was appointed to Ono, and after him Mr. Hazlewood. But when the growing

¹ A singularly beautiful island, the outermost of the Fiji group, towards the S.E.

evil had been checked and uprooted, then the missionaries decided that Mr. Hazlewood should remove to Nandi. "For," said they, "Ono is but a little island, while on the great land there are many ten thousands who know not God."

So they appointed me to take charge of Ono. And when I heard thereof my heart sank within me, for I thought of the evil which had arisen under the former teacher, and I was afraid that the chiefs would be suspicious of me also—all the more especially because he (the teacher) was a countryman of mine. Wherefore did I go to Ono, even as I had formerly gone to Nandi, in great fear and heaviness of soul. But my fears were vain, and my soul-heaviness was turned into gladsome lightness; for the Lord helped me, the people loved me, and the work of God grew and prospered exceedingly. Thus indeed have I ever found it. Often have I gone to my work in great fear, expecting evil, and wishing that my way lay to any place other than that to which I was going; but instead of trouble I have found peace, laughter instead of tears,

deliverance out of every danger, and great success in the work of the Lord; while, on the other hand, sometimes when I have gone expecting good things, being, perhaps, somewhat puffed up and trusting to my own strength, everything has gone against me, so that I have been ashamed and confounded.

It was during my stay on this island that I was thought worthy of being solemnly set apart to the work as an assistant missionary, whereat great was my rejoicing; though I durst not take the glory thereof to myself, but gave it all to God, Who, I well knew, had done this great thing for me.

All the while I was at Ono I saw no lessening in the love of the people towards me; and we lived happily together, helping one another in all things, both worldly and spiritual. They would come to my house, one after another, and put down within the doorway a fowl or fish, or a basket of yams or *ndalo*, or whatsoever else they had, so that my house was always full of food beyond our needs. In vain did I tell them not

to bring so much. The more I spoke to them the more they loved me, and the more they brought, so that we could not eat all that was given; and even our pigs had more than they could devour.

Wonderful were the things which I saw and heard on this little island—tales of the olden times and of the first coming of the lotu; the people of God rejoicing and giving thanks, as sinners wept under our sermons and cried for mercy, so that many a time I had to come down from the pulpit and pray with them—while the words which I often heard from dying lips made my heart glow and burn within me; and I know that there are many graves at Ono whence they who lie sleeping there shall rise with joy at the resurrection of the just. As for tales of the old days, there is no place like Ono for them. And as for the first coming of the lotu, this was the way of it:—An Ono canoe went sailing to Lakemba with sinnet and mats for the king; and when it returned, the crew brought back a wonderful report about a new

worship which certain white men had established at Lakemba—even the lotu. They knew but little about it; but there were many who, when they had heard the account of the one true and living God, found their hearts strangely moved, and taking a present to a heathen priest, they asked him about this God, and besought him to tell them how they might worship Him.

“I know all about Him,” said he. “If you want to worship Him, I can tell you the way. Kneel down, and bow your faces to the ground. So. Now hold your breath. Let no man draw breath again till I give the word.” And the poor men held their breath till they were well-nigh choked. Three times did the priest make them do this; and then he said, “Keep silence. I will now report you to your God. O Lord Jehovah, these are Thy people who wish to serve Thee! As for me, I turn my back upon Thee yet for a while. Looking away from Thee, I worship another god. But do Thou take knowledge of these Thy people. Shelter them, and do them good.”

Thus it was that the lotu first came to Ono, and this priest was the first teacher the people had. But I think that they did not get much good out of his teaching, because he taught them little else than that they should bring many presents to him. "For," said he, "this God of yours is very fond of wealth."

As for their weeping under our sermons, this is the way with the people of Ono. They are a warm-hearted folk, easily moved to either good or evil: wherefore some have said that they are the best tribe in Fiji, while others have declared that they are the very worst, according to what they have seen in the days when they dwelt among them. I lived with them in the good times, and I used to think that Ono was a little heaven. Never shall I forget the warmth of love which the people showed me; and what evil soever may have arisen in the after days, I know that hundreds of them are now singing the new song of Moses and the Lamb, and I expect that they will come to meet me when my name is called, and lead me to the good land of

which I used to tell them; for I was not speaking idly when I said that their dying words used to make my heart glow and burn within me; and if I could tell of them all, the account thereof would never be finished. Therefore will I tell of but one or two deathbed scenes, that it may be known how some of these people die.

Daniel Kepa, as he lay dying, said to me, "Every day have I an assurance of the pardon of my sins. I know that, if my life here were to end to-day, I should enter upon life eternal in heaven." On another day I asked him whether the love of God were still with him, and he said, "In the night was my soul full of peace, for I found the love of God; and He helped me, so that I had many happy thoughts in the midst of my sickness."

Then I read to him the 21st chapter of the Revelation; and the dying man rejoiced as he listened to the words of the book. "I am going to heaven," he said. "I am ready. There is no doubt on my mind, for I know that, if I

die to-day, to-day shall I begin to live in heaven."

Then said I, "Let us pray." While I was at prayer he burst into tears, and when the prayer was over he was still weeping; so I asked him why he wept. "I weep," said he, "for love to my Lord. He also loves me, and His love is greater than mine. Plain as noonday is it to me that my soul is saved: therefore I fear not to die; for I know that, when my soul is parted from my body, I shall live for ever with my God, through Jesus Christ my Lord."

With many other good words and precious did he speak of the love of God to him. But his sickness grew ever worse; and when on the following Sunday I went to see him, the signs of death were on his face.

"How now, Daniel?" said I; and he answered, "I am ready to be gone to-day. Near now is my departure from this world to the world above. What day is this?" and I told him it was the holy day; whereupon he said, "This Sabbath shall I spend in heaven." So I asked

him how he knew this, and he said, "It is the Lord's will that I go to Him to-day."

"Has He then appeared to you?" I asked.

"Yes," said he; "I see Him now, though you cannot. Let your words be few. My Lord is here, and He calls me away. Look! Behold the Lord!"

His eyes were fixed, nor did the eyelids quiver; and his face lost its look of sickness as, gazing upwards, he stretched forth his hands and died. Thus went this man of God to heaven, and useful to us was his dying: more useful than all his sermons, and all his words as a class-leader, was the manner of his death to us who remained alive; for therein we saw how good a thing is true religion. And this is the account of Daniel Kepa, the true servant of God.

Again, there was a man of Ono, Reuben by name, whom I visited when he lay a-dying; and when I asked him how it was with his soul, he said, "My soul is at rest, for I know the love of God; but my disease is heavy indeed upon me.

Nevertheless, my trust is in the Lord my Saviour."

Then said I, "Let us pray;" and while we were praying he could not rest because of his great agony, but cried aloud, "Lord Jesus, have pity upon me!"

When our prayer was over we sat watching him, and talking with him about his soul. It was plain indeed that he was ready to die; so I went away again to my own house.

When daybreak came over the land I went again to see him; and when he saw me he said, "I am very ill. I know that the time of my departure is at hand, when I must go to the land whereunto I have made myself ready." And when I asked him whether he was sure that he would enter heaven, he said, "Yes. Long ago was I sure that my soul lived through faith in Jesus;" and looking on his face as he spoke, I saw that it was like the face of a man who has found a great treasure.

Then he commended his children to my care, "Joel," said he, "if you love me, take pity on my

children. Teach them religion, that they may thereby know Jesus their Saviour."

"I will take care of them," said I. "Trouble not yourself about them, but attend to your own soul."

Then he said, "Of a truth the love of God is with me. Great indeed is my pain; but this pain of mine is not worthy to be compared with the good things which our God will soon give me on the right hand of His lordly throne."

Presently, as we were talking together, he said, "Now is the time of my going near at hand." And seeing that he had but a little while to live, we thought we had better take him to the great house, because he was of the blood of the chiefs, and many people were coming to see him, so that the house wherein he lay was crowded. Nor was it long after we had carried him away before he died (as we thought), while his friends were gathering together that they might kiss him, and perform upon him the "custom of the dead." Great then was the

wailing because of their grief that their friend was dead—a man so useful in the land.

But in a little while we saw that he was breathing gently. Then he opened his eyes, and lifting up his hand he beckoned us to be silent, saying, “Weep not; weep not.”

Then was there a great silence in our midst; and we were afraid, for we thought he had been dead. But the dying man spoke again: “Why are you weeping?” he asked.

“We are weeping,” answered one of his friends — “we are weeping because of your death.”

“Weep not for me,” he said; “weep for yourselves. As for me, I live. The Lord and His angels are hastening to take me with them. But yet once more will I speak a little to you. Be earnest in religion. If you love me, hold fast the lotu. While I was in health, I believed that which is told us in the holy Book, and thence came to me pardon for all my sins. I read of heaven in the Bible, and believed it; and now this very day shall I look with mine eyes upon

the things which I believed, though I saw them not—those things that Paul speaks of, whose words I have so often read, where he tells of heaven and of my Saviour. Now am I going to possess them all.”

“Reuben,” I cried, for my soul was hot within me, “tell me once again—for my own sake, and for the sake of these others—tell us whether you now find the truth of the lotu. Tell us whether you now trust in our Saviour, and whether He comforts you.”

Then he smiled, and his face shone. “Do you see that post, Joel?” he asked. “Yes,” said I, “I see it.”

“Do you see it plainly?” “I see it quite plainly,” I answered, surprised that he should ask me such questions, and fearing that his mind was wandering. But he looked earnestly in my face, and said, “Joel, as plainly as you see that post, so plainly do I see the Lord. Do you not see Him? Look! The house is full of angels. My Saviour is hastening me away. Farewell. Great is my love to you.” And, laying his hand

upon his breast, he raised it gently two or three times, and so fell asleep. Thus ended his mortal life in this world ; but angels took the hand of his soul, and led him up to heaven.

We, with his father, his wife, and his friends, even we, heard and saw these things. Our souls were filled with joy. It was not to us like a day of death, but like the day of a feast, as we saw the love of God to him that was dead. Our faith in God was made even as a burning fire ; and we said, "There is nothing in the world like true religion."

Very different from the comforts and encouragements wherewith the Lord blessed me at Ono, were the hardships and disheartenings which I met with at Nandi, when I was appointed there again.¹ Grievous indeed was the state of things which I found there ; for war had broken out, and the heathen were raging furiously, being fully resolved to drive the lotu out of all the

¹ There was a considerable interval between these two appointments, an account whereof may perhaps be given at a future day.

land. We could not stir out of the town without danger, for the enemy were lurking in the forest round about, where they killed two of our men who had gone to cut grass for thatching our chapel. They smote one of our outlying towns with a great slaughter, the remnant of death fleeing to us with the dismal tale; and, to crown all, our missionary died,¹ so that we were left as sheep without a shepherd. The enemy grew bolder and ever bolder as our people grew weaker and more discouraged, until at length they came in great force and began to build a war-fence against our town, surrounding us so that none might escape. We expected nothing less than utter destruction. But the Lord delivered us once more; for a great storm arose, with heavy rains, lasting for many days, from which we were well sheltered within the town; but they, having no shelter, stayed till they were half dead with the cold and wet, and then fled away, every man to his own town; whereupon

¹ The Rev. John Crawford, who, at the very beginning of his mission work, was stricken down by dysentery—a disease which has filled many a grave in Fiji.

we sallied forth and destroyed the war-fences which they had built.

But though we were thus saved from destruction, yet were we still in great straits ; for, when the fine weather returned, the enemy lay in wait for us in the forest as before, killing those who went out to search for food, so that we durst not go far beyond our war-fence, and sharp hunger made itself felt in our midst : " wherefore I resolved to take my wife and children to Mbua, that they might live. " If we fall in with the enemy by the way, " said I, " if we meet them in the path, and they kill us, we can but die ; and if you stay here, you will die of hunger. "

So we rose up and went to Mbua, making a circuit for fear of the enemy ; and here again the Lord wrought out a great deliverance for us, for, as we were passing across an open place, bare of trees and every kind of shelter, a great company of heathen warriors went marching by. We were full in their view, and they in ours ; but they saw us not, though we saw them so plainly that we could have counted every man of them ;

and I believe that the Lord blinded their eyes, even as He blinded the eyes of the Syrian army who were sent to kill the prophet in the olden days.

Leaving my wife and children at Mbua, I went back to Nandi, and stayed with the people, comforting them as well as I could, and exhorting them to put their trust in God; but our faith was very weak, for indeed, what with hunger and fear, we were in evil case. After some time I went again to Mbua to see my family, intending to stay three days; but while I was there a young man came running after me, to tell me that the King of Levuka¹ had come over from Ovalau with a large war-party to help the heathen, and that he wanted to see

¹ The chief town on the island of Ovalau, now the principal white settlement. The King of Levuka here spoken of died lately of a disease brought on by hard drinking.

There happened to be a ring round the sun at mid-day just before his death, and many of the Ovalau natives looked upon it with awe, as a sign that the powers above were taking note of the coming of so great a chief. He used to be a remarkably fine-looking man, with a natural grace of bearing and courtesy of manner which many an English gentleman might envy; but of late years he had become a confirmed drunkard, and his

me. I spoke about it to Mr. Wilson, the missionary at Mbua, and he told me not to go; for, said he, "a letter has come from Mr. Binner,¹ saying that the King of Levuka has promised to see that no harm come to the teachers, and to spare the lives of the people also. It were useless for you to go. Why should you go when you can do no good? for the town is surely taken before now."

And so it was; for, upon the king's promise to spare their lives, the townsfolk opened their gates to him; whereupon all the heathen warriors rushed in and burned the town. They wanted to slaughter the people also, but the king would not have it so. "Let there be no killing," said he; and they were afraid to go against his word. Howbeit he allowed the townsfolk to be taken away captive among their enemies. Thus ended

excesses told miserably upon him, both body and soul. Our country is surely laying up wrath against a day of wrath by the infernal liquor traffic, which fully deserves the strong term which I apply to it, for it is a trade in "the bodies and souls of men." It is working fearful evil in Fiji—fearful evil, fearfully on the increase.

¹ The mission schoolmaster, who lies buried at Levuka.

that war, and therewith my stay at Nandi also.

I lived now with Mr. Wilson at Mbua, helping him in the work ; and once, when I went with him in the Mission schooner to the back of the land, we came near being killed at a town called Mouta—he and I. This was the way of it :—We went to see a powerful chief called Ramere ; but when we landed at his town we found that he was gone to a great trade-feast at this Mouta,—whither Mr. Wilson decided to follow him. We pulled far inland, in the schooner's little boat, up a winding river ; and when we reached the town we found it crowded with heathen, who had come down from the hills to trade. As we went along the path, there came swaggering up to us a big man, who, without more ado, seized Mr. Wilson by the nose, and shook him to and fro after a most unmerciful fashion, putting him thereby to great pain of both body and mind ; and when, having got rid of this tormentor, we came to where the

chiefs were sitting in the public square, they did not care to listen to our report, for they were busy with their market. Meanwhile the people crowded round us, pushing and jostling one another, pinching us (especially Mr. Wilson), and feeling our arms and legs, so that we had no peace. Wherefore we left them as soon as we could, and, slipping away out of the crowd, we looked for a place wherein we could hide ourselves till morning, for night was coming on. At length we found a little hut at a distance from the town, which might perhaps have been a storehouse for yams; and here we lay down in one corner on the grass, with which it was strewn, hoping they would not be able to find us. But after dark we heard shouts in all directions; and, looking forth, we saw a great number of men with torches in their hands coming towards us, shouting and yelling and calling one to the other. So we commended our souls to God, and prepared for death.

“Here they are!” cried a tall fellow, as he stood in the doorway with a torch in one hand,

and a battle-axe held over his shoulder by the other ; and, raising his torch, he set fire to the thatch ; but some of those who came running up behind him put it out in a moment,—why, I know not, unless it were that they were unwilling to lose the house.

Then he sprang in, and flourished his axe over our heads, the others also threatening us with their weapons of war. Whether they really intended to kill us or not I cannot say, —perhaps they were only trying to frighten us ; but they continued acting thus far into the night, crowding upon us with threatening words and weapons, one houseful going out only to make room for another, who acted in like manner, making a terrible noise, while we sat in one corner of the hut with our backs against the wall, looking them in the face, and praying silently to our God. At length they left us in peace, and we passed the remainder of the night as best we could, in doubt as to whether they would come back again or not, and make a full end of us. In spite of all this, Mr. Wilson

took me with him into the town in the morning, and asked leave to preach,—which was granted, somewhat to our astonishment ; and, standing up in the midst of a great crowd of heathen, he told them of the one true God, and of Jesus Christ our Saviour ; after which we went down to our boat, in no small wonder that we were allowed to leave the town alive.

My next appointment was to the Thakaundrove kingdom, Aaron Fotofili being sent with me. We lived at Wairiki, where we saw much fruit of our labours, for many turned from heathenism. The women and the children were especially zealous in the schools, learning to read with great quickness ; while not a few of the young men gave themselves to us as our sons in the Gospel, and these we were careful to teach, and train as helpers in the work. Nor, in spite of all the evil that befell us afterwards, was this labour of ours altogether in vain ; for some of these youths are workers together with us at this very day, among whom is Ratu

William Vutikalulu, the native missionary who is now stationed at Tokatoka.

Ratu Ngolea (he who is now Tui Thakau¹) was a heathen ; but nevertheless he was very friendly towards us, helping us in many ways, so that we were cheered in our work, and went joyfully on from day to day, hoping for still better things. Then two missionaries were appointed to the station, even Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Carey ; and after living for some time at Wairiki in great discomfort and with feeble health (for it is a place of much rain and of burning heat), it was thought good to remove the station to Waikava (Fawn Harbour) ; and thither I also went, having the Training Institution given into my hands. I went, but my wife went not with me ; for she died at Wairiki, and there I buried her.

Some time afterwards the chief Ritova sent whales' teeth to Ngolea — whales' teeth of war — praying him to go down to help him in his

¹ "Tui Thakau" (King of the Reef), the title of Thakaun-drove kings.

fighting at Mathuata. Five times came the messenger, and five times he went back with a refusal ; but at length Ngolea consented, and two of his men were sent for me, that I might go with the war-party. I was away from home at the time holding missionary meetings ; but when I came back the matter was talked over, and it was deemed prudent that we should keep ourselves altogether apart from such affairs, cleaving to our right and proper work of preaching the Gospel, and teaching from house to house. So it was decided that I should not go. The lotu people also refused to join in this war. "Why should we kill those who have done us no harm ?" they asked. "Let the chief go, since it is his mind to go. As for us, we will stay at home, and attend to our plantations." "It is well," said Ngolea. "Stay and look after your gardens. I shall go and attack that folk ; and when I have done with them, I will make a raid upon you."

These words sank down into the hearts of our people ; and they of Lauthala sent to Wai ni

Nggolo, the Tongan chief, who was then at Vanua Mbalavu, praying for help. Now it has been said that it was I who brought this chief down to fight against Ngolea; but indeed it was not so, for I had no hand in it, nor did I even know of the message sent by the Lauthala folk.

The warriors went away in many canoes; and it was not long before we heard of burnings and slaughters, as town after town was taken, none being able to stand against them. Then the missionaries, being assembled at Levuka for their yearly meeting, spoke to the British Consul, beseeching him to use his influence to stop the war, which had already caused such awful woe; and he sent a messenger to Ngolea, with a request that I should go with him.

"Let us go first to Tui Thakau," said I. "It were well for us to tell him of our errand, and to ask for one of his messengers to go with us in the path."

So we went to the king, and laid our request before him.

“Sleep to-night,” said he, “and in the morning we will hold a council.” But when the council was over, we found that no help was to be given us. “Go you two,” said the king. “Go to Ngolea, and tell him the Consul’s words. As for us, we will sit waiting here until you return.”

So we went on our way; and when our canoe drew near to the shore where the army was, we saw a great cloud of smoke rolling up from a burning town, which the chief had taken on that very day. Going ashore, we found that he had climbed up into the mountains to attack yet another town belonging to the hill-folk; and as we also went up on the following morning, we met a great number of prisoners being brought down to the beach, for they had yielded themselves up without a fight. When we found Ngolea, he met me with a pleasant look, and showed so friendly a spirit that my heart grew very glad; and sitting down with him, I made my report.

“We are come,” said I, “we two, bringing

with us the word of the English Consul. This is his messenger whom you see before you ; and as for me, I am come to help him in carrying the word,—for it was the mind of our elders, and of the Consul also, that we should be comrades in the path. Hear, therefore, I beseech you, the word which we bring, even the word of the English chief. Let there be no more fighting. It is enough. Many are dead : wherefore here let the slaughter end.”

“Good is your coming,” said Ngolea ; “and good are the words you bring. Look, Joel, here is a whale’s tooth, brought to me that the war may go on ; but I say it is over. There shall be no more fighting.”

So I went back again to Waikava with a light heart and thankful ; but when I told my tale to our lotu folk, great then was their disbelief. “He is deceiving you, Joel,” they cried. “It is his mind to kill us all, because we would not go with him to the war.”

In vain did I try to persuade them,—they were not to be persuaded ; and when the

warriors, as they came back, did many despicable acts towards the lotu people, spoiling their gardens, robbing their houses, and wreaking their vengeance even on the graves of the dead, by digging up and scattering abroad the bones of them that slept therein, then they said, "Did we not tell you so? He was deceiving you, Joel. There is no truth in him." Moreover, there were many idle tales going about—as is ever the manner in Fiji at such times—which made them sure that they were in danger. Thus it was reported that four of our chiefs were to be killed, in revenge for their not going to the war; but I do not believe that this was the mind of Ratu Ngolea. It was but a foolish story, spread abroad by evil men, who were minded to work us a mischief.

At length there came to me Ratu Manasseh, who was one of the four, and he told me that they had agreed to put up war-fences, for they were sure Ngolea had evil in his heart against them.

"Do you tell me this," I asked, "because you

want to know my mind thereon; or do you only report what you have already resolved upon?"

"Nay," said he; "but that we may know your mind."

"Well," said I, "if it be so, I will tell you what I think. Forbear, Ratu Manasseh; if you love me, forbear. If this thing be done, that chief will say at once that we are defying him. Moreover, these are idle tales which we hear: wherefore let there be no war-fences."

"It is good," said he; "there shall be none."

But it was not long before he came to me with another report which he had heard. "Now we *must* fortify our towns, Joel," he said. "We must put up our fences, that we may live—we, with our women and the children."

Again I strove with him, and again I prevailed; but when he came for the third time, and for the third time I besought him to forbear, he looked sourly and suspiciously upon me, saying, "It is easy for you to say, 'Let there be no fences.' You know well enough that Ngolea won't kill you. It is our skulls upon which the

club will fall" (and here he rapped his head with his clenched fists). "When we are all clubbed, you will be left alive—you and yours: wherefore are you bold to say continually, 'Forbear, forbear; let not the fences be built.'"

My heart was sore when I heard this saying, nor could I urge him any further. "I have told you what is right," I cried; "but you are suspicious of me, wherefore I can say no more. Go now, and do as you please, lest, when your warriors are slain, your wives and daughters dragged away, and your children clubbed before your eyes—lest when you have brought this evil upon yourselves by giving heed to these idle tales—you say, 'It is Joel who has brought these things upon us.'"

So they put up their war-fences; and presently a canoe came in bringing two of Wai ni Nggolo's men, whom he had sent to carry his word to our chiefs, and to take back theirs to him. These men came to my house (for they were my countrymen), and began to talk to me about the war; but I would not listen to them. "Why

do you come here?" I asked. "Am I a fighting man, that you come to me? You have brought evil upon me already, for Ngolea will think I am one with you in this matter. Go, therefore, both of you, and come to my house no more." So they went sailing back to the land whence they came.

Then came Wai ni Nggolo himself, and he also entered my house; but beyond the customary salutations I spoke no word to him, good or bad, nor he to me, for I grieved at his coming. And on the morrow, in the early morning, I took myself off to a distant town, where I stayed preaching and baptizing until there was no more work to do; and when I returned he was gone, whereat I was very glad. Nevertheless I heard of his doings, in this wise:—He and Ratu Kuila¹ went into a house which they thought to be empty, and there took counsel together; but it so happened that a countryman of mine was lying sick in that very house, and being covered

¹ This Ratu Kuila is a high-rank Thakaundrove chief—a dangerous man, and a great stirrer-up of mischief.

up with a sail mat, they did not see him; wherefore he heard their words, and reported them to me,—even that Ratu Kuila begged for help in fighting against Ngolea. Whereupon Wai ni Nggolo replied, “Whatsoever you tell me to do, that will I do. War or peace, according to what you tell me.” And when I heard these words, I knew that evil was near; for this Ratu Kuila was a great stirrer-up of evil, who joined himself to us, not because he loved the lotu, but because he wanted to kill Ngolea, who stood in his way. Nor was it long before the fighting began, which ended in Wai ni Nggolo’s death in front of the Wairiki war-fence, and the great slaughter of his army; Ngolea also being wounded in the fight by a musket ball, which broke his arm. Before the fighting began, he sent two messengers for me. “Let Joel come,” said he, “and I will lotu.” But these men, instead of coming to me, went to Ratu Kuila, who was very angry when he heard their report, and sent them away with evil words.

“Go back to Ngolea,” he cried. “Tell him

to use his own teacher if he wants to lotu. Is not Wesley¹ with him? Why should he rob me of my teacher?"

Ngolea was wroth at this; and when Wai ni Nggolo was killed he turned Roman Catholic, forcing his people also to follow him, and doing many things to vex and harass those who still held to the truth. Nor did he spare me in his wrath; for he dragged away a daughter of mine during my absence from home, and forced her to live with him.

After these things I was removed from Wairiki to Mbau, where I have been living ever since, doing what I could to help on the great work; and here the Lord has been very gracious to me, giving me the hearts of the chiefs and of the people, so that I have lived among them in peace and comfort, seeing not a few turn from their evil ways to serve the living God, and burying others who finished their course with joy. Many and great also are the deliverances which He has wrought out for

¹ Wesley Rakusa, now native missionary at Rotuma.

me during my stay in this place,—deliverances from dangers by sea and by land, for which I bless and praise His holy name. But perhaps the greatest and the most wonderful of them all was His saving me, and them that were with me, in the great storm which raged in the month of March (1869), whereof I will now tell you.

In that month our missionary said to me, "How would it be, Joel, if you were to go to the islands and hold the missionary meetings?" So we asked the Vunivalu¹ to lend me a canoe, as ours is rather small for deep-water sailing in March, which is, above all others, the month of storms; and he lent us that large canoe, whose name is the Kinikinilau. After waiting for some days windbound at Ovalau, we hoisted sail on a Saturday afternoon, thinking to make some one or other of the islands during the night; but when we had gone only a little way, being then about half-way between Ovalau and Wakaya, my mind misgave me, as I saw the

¹ Title of Thakombau, the great chief of Mbau, frequently styled the King of Fiji.

threatening look of the sky, for it had grown black with heavy clouds. The wind, moreover, was not steady, but shifted about from point to point, with heavy rain squalls; so I said, "How if we put back, or run in here to Wakaya?" But no one seconded me, and we went sailing onward.

Again, when we had passed Wakaya, I spoke a second time; but none of our ship-folk gave heed to my words, and we held on our course until there came rushing down upon us a fierce squall with blinding rain, and then they were all sorry that they had not taken my advice. With great difficulty we put the canoe about, and tried to run back; but we were too late, for the storm grew in rage, the canoe rolled and plunged so violently as to endanger her fastenings, and, to add to our distress, the point of the sailyard was jerked up from its place where it rests on the bow, and fell down into the sea. Springing to the work, we tugged and strained until we got it up again, though it was as much as we could do, for many of our crew had hidden

themselves in the hold, giving themselves up to death. And still the tempest grew ever fiercer, the rain-drops stinging and burning wherever they struck, so that our bodies felt as if they were being burned with fire ; and all hope of life departed from us.

“ There is but one thing left,” I cried. “ Lower the sail, for we can carry it no longer.” And when the sail was lowered on deck, and lashed securely, I said, “ Come, let us report ourselves to our God. He can save us alive ; and if we are to die, how can we die better than while praying to Him ? ” So we knelt down, and Stephen, the Lasakauan, prayed, saying :—

“ Lord, it is Thou Who hast created the heavens and the earth, and all that in them is. We also are the work of Thy hands. All things are obedient unto Thee, for Thou didst fashion them. Thou rulest the winds and the waves, so also the lives of men. Thou ordainest, and Thou alone, our life and our death, for Thou art our Creator. Wherefore do we now bow down in prayer before Thee. Hear our cry, for the sake

of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Give unto us, we beseech Thee, Thy Holy Spirit to dwell in our hearts, and turn away our thoughts from all earthly things, that we may prepare ourselves for eternal life."

[The translator of this autobiography asked Stephen to write out what he remembered of Joel's prayer. He did so, and his account runs as follows:—

"There were two of us who prayed,—I first; and when I had done, then Joel prayed thus:—

"‘Lord, without doubting that Thou art a prayer-hearing God, ever dost Thou give ear to the cry of them that serve Thee. We bow down before Thee in prayer. If it be Thy will that this be our day of rest from our labours, it is well; but if Thou wilt make use of us yet for a little while, then let the storm be a calm, and the waves thereof be still. We are weak, but strength is with Thee. Hear our prayer, for we pray in the name of Jesus. Therefore hear us, and have mercy upon us, for His sake. Grant this our request, for the sake of Christ alone.’

“Then he broke forth with great earnestness, in these words:—

“‘Come to us, Lord, in the midst of the waters, as Thou camest to Thy disciples in the days of old. The storm was raging, but Thou saidst, “Be still,” and lo, there was a great calm; for Thou art the Almighty One, and all things are obedient unto Thee.’”

Now let Joel again take up the thread of the story.]

When we had said Amen to our prayer, a great awe fell upon us; for with the ending of our prayer the storm also came to an end, not growing weaker, and ceasing gradually, but suddenly, in one moment. And there was a great calm. We looked around for the wind, but it was gone; and gazing in wonderment at each other’s faces, we sat in silence for a long while, until at length Erone [Aaron], the Mbauan, cried with a loud voice, “Vekaveka!¹ Now I know the profit of true religion!”

“The Lord has delivered us,” I said. “Let

¹ “Vekaveka!” a Fijian exclamation of wonderment.

us praise Him for His marvellous loving-kindness." And our praises came forth from hearts too full for many words.

Then we lowered the anchor¹ down into the sea; "for," said I, "if the wind should rise again, it will help to keep her head on to the waves." But there was no more wind. All that night, even till morning, the canoe lay as steady and quiet as if we had been lying in a river, for the waves which had been raging so furiously went down with the ending of the storm; and two great sharks stayed by us all night, one across the bows, and the other across the stern. At daybreak I roused the skulkers out of the hold, that we might go on our way. "Come up here, if fear has not killed you outright," I cried. "Get the oars out, and let us scull to land. If we were all like you, what would become of us?" Slowly, and with much shame and confusion of face, they crawled on deck; and after we had sculled for a while a

¹ Many Fijian canoes now carry anchors. In former times their anchor was a strong stake well worked into the mud or sand.

breeze sprang up, to which we hoisted sail, running before it to Nairai. The wind grew stronger and stronger, driving us swiftly along, till, when we entered the passage through the reef, it was blowing a hard gale ; and so heavy a sea came rolling into the harbour, that our cable parted once and again after we had let go the anchor. Wherefore, not being able to haul the canoe ashore because it was low tide, we stood by her in the water, holding her with all our might against the waves, that she might not come broadside on, and so be dashed to pieces ; and as the tide made, we dragged her farther and farther up, until we got her high and dry on the shore, out of the reach of the sea. By this time a fierce hurricane was blowing, before which many trees and most of the houses fell ; but our lives were safe ; and throughout all the storm our hearts were singing praises to God for His wonderful goodness.

I am now an old man, and my body is weak ; but my soul is as strong as ever, rejoicing in the

work of the Lord. When I look forward to the Good Land, which is now so near me, my heart burns, and my eyes fill with tears of joy as I think of the glory which I shall soon behold, for the Lord is ever present with me, both night and day; and, after putting my trust in Him throughout all these years, I am not going to begin to doubt Him now. No! "I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Also, when I look around and note what great things our Lord has wrought, and is working—when I see the people moved under my sermons—when sinners come to me, crying, "What must I do to be saved?"—when I hear good words in the class-meeting, or from the lips of the dying—and when I bury the dead who have died in the Lord,—then my soul rejoices with an exceeding great joy. But when I think of this people's earthly concerns—of the ill-blood among the chiefs—of the divisions and hatreds between the various tribes—of how readily a little spark flames up into a blaze

of war, and of the impossibility of healing all the breaches, and making the land-folk one in heart,—then indeed my heart is sad within me, and I am ready to weep for the slain of the daughter of my people. For I have seen that the good days of peace have ever been few and short; evil has soon arisen again, undoing the work¹ that was scarce begun; and now, in addition to the causes of evil which we had in the olden times, very many of the chiefs and of the people are becoming great drunkards—more and more of them every year. The very boys and girls are now drinking the white man's *yanggona*;² wherefore is my heart very sad within me; and I would that I could turn mine eyes away, like Hagar of old, that I may not look upon the destruction of this people, whom I love even as my own sons and daughters.

¹ Joel was here speaking only of the political state and prospects of the country. Thank God, the spiritual work that has been done can never be undone, for much of its fruit is garnered in heaven, safe and far beyond the enemy's reach, for ever and ever.

² An intoxicating drink.

And now, dear reader, having come to the end of this grand old veteran's words, suffer me, the translator, to add a few—and but a few—of my own.

When he thus spoke, his voice trembled, growing low and faint towards the finish, and his words ended in a sob. As soon as I could command myself sufficiently to speak, I said to him, "Nay, Joel, but Hagar saw only the dying lad. She did not see the angel who was sent to deliver her, and to save her child alive, that he might be the father of a great and mighty nation. So also we see the evil which is present with us; but the angel of the Lord is hidden from our eyes."

The old man looked steadfastly at me for a few moments, then drew a deep breath, and burst into tears. "Thank you, thank you for that word!" he cried, laying his hand upon his breast. "It has entered here. I feel it in my heart, and it comforts me."

I will now add but the translation of two

letters illustrative of our subject, and so make an end. The first is from a missionary, and will explain itself. It was written last year, when Joel was seized by a sudden illness (a sort of fit), which brought him to the very gates of death ; and I give it as showing in what love and honour we hold this valiant soldier of our Lord Jesus Christ.

“ It is reported that you have fallen sick in these days—even that an evil disease has taken hold upon you, so that you have been well-nigh dead. Great indeed is my earnest desire to visit you, that we may look each other in the face once more ; but I cannot leave my home at this time. Wherefore do I write to make known my mind to you, Joel. My mind is that you flee not to heaven in these days ; for there is evil astir in the land, and you are wanted. Nevertheless let Him decide who rules us all.

“ Give strict charge to one of your young men, that he come to me if your sickness attack

you again. Let him come running all the way hither, and straightway I will go to you. . . .

“ I write these things, that you may know of my keeping you ever in remembrance, and of my warm affection for you. True, indeed, is my love to you, Joel ; and I am sad at heart because you are sick. Often have we two worked together here in Fiji, sailed together, walked together, sung together, prayed together, preached together, talked together, rejoiced together, wept together. But now you are grown old. Sailing far ahead of me, you go ; you have neared the land ; you see the entrance into the desired haven. As for me, I come sailing far astern—sailing far out in the midst of the waters. But, Joel, I know the course ; steadfastly I hold on therein. When you have landed, turn then and look seaward. Some day you will see my sail also ; or perhaps you will see one swimming over the waves on a piece of a broken ship. But I shall get safe to land, and then shall we two be together once more. Again shall we walk together, and sing together, and rejoice together ; but never

again shall we weep together, throughout all eternity."

The second of these two letters is one written by Joel himself, or rather by him in conjunction with one or two others of our native missionaries. It is a farewell letter, which was presented to the Rev. William Moore at the Fiji district meeting of 1869 by the native missionaries, whose names are thereto appended. But the honour of having written such a letter belongs chiefly to Joel Bulu; for the younger men, who were appointed by their brethren to write it, had to give up the attempt after repeated failures.

"Having made ready pen and paper," said Joel to me, "they sat down and began to talk over what they should write; but when they began to think and speak of all Mr. Moore's loving-kindness to them, they could do nothing but weep, because he was going away from us; and presently they fled from the house. One after another, we tried them all, but they all failed. A few words, and then a great burst of

weeping. Thus it was day after day, until the time was far spent. ‘This will never do,’ said I. So, calling Daniel Afu and James Havea, I said to them, ‘Come now, let us three strengthen our hearts, and get this letter written to our elder, lest the meeting be over before anything be done.’ But indeed, when we sat down to write, we were as foolish as the younger men ; only we stuck to our work, writing a little, and weeping much, until it was finished ; and when we read it to our brethren, they said, ‘It is very good,’ and wrote down their names.”

This is a translation of the letter, as it appears in our district meeting records :—

“ *To our beloved Elder, the Rev. W. MOORE.*

“ THIS, sir, is the letter of us, the native missionaries, to you ; and far indeed from us be words of flattery in this our letter.

“ Great is our thankfulness to God, in that He chose you to be His ambassador to Fiji ; for that He chose you is manifest in very deed and truth to us, from the many proofs thereof which we have

seen during your stay in our midst, as a shining example to us.

“ For your loving spirit—for you have been loving to us native missionaries, to the local preachers also, to the land-folk, and to all the Church—for this do we thank our God, because of His love to us in giving you such a heart. We know your love to us from the things which we have seen ; for you have ever taught us most excellently how we might be saved, and how we might be useful in the work. We cannot set forth in words your great loving-kindness, but the proofs thereof lie in our heart of hearts ; and therein appears the truth of Paul’s words, which are written—1 Cor. xiii. 13 : ‘ And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three ; but the greatest of these is love.’ This spirit of yours we shall bear ever in mind, in our thinking of you.

“ There is also another of your ways which we shall bear in mind—even your steadfast endurance of many sufferings in Fiji. One great trial which befell you was that at Rewa—when, as you lay sleeping in your house, with the children

and the lady, the people tried to destroy you, together with your house. And when the house was burnt, with all your goods, you endured it, not wishing for revenge. We saw your friends gather together, that they might take vengeance for this wrong ; but you said, ' Let them not suffer for this. Let the suffering be mine, and mine only.' Another trial came to you when the lady fell sick, and went away to white man's land, whether for life or death you knew not ; but you endured to stay behind, for the work's sake. And many other sufferings, which cannot be told in this letter, have you endured patiently —sufferings which other men have not been able to endure. Great, very great indeed, is our love to you for this ; and we desire that this spirit of yours may abide with us also ; for we all know that blessed are they who endure, according to the word of James (v. 11) : ' Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord ; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.'

“ Another great thing because of which we love you, is, that we have seen your zeal for the progress of the work in Fiji. This zeal of yours has been ever manifested in your preaching; for we know that you have prepared yourself so as to fill our souls; and great has been the profit of your sermons to our souls. Your zeal has been shown forth in the books of teaching, also, which you have written to be useful to us Fijians—books which have been useful indeed to us, and more than good. Great indeed is the benefit which we have derived from your earnest and constant teaching, and exhorting and warning us; and it is our earnest desire that we may strive to follow this way of yours, for we believe that it is a most excellent example to us, having, moreover, the promise of eternal life, according to the word which is written—Rev. ii. 10: ‘Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.’

“ There is yet another thing for which we do indeed love you—even your kindly manner in our midst. Your words have ever tended to

foster kindly feeling among both chiefs and people. Never have we known a time when unseemly words fell from your lips. Pure also have been your ways in our midst; just and right have been your doings, and in accordance with the word of the holy Book, which is written—Matthew v. 14: ‘Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid;’ and because of these your ways our hearts can never forget you.

“ Yet one thing more is in our minds to tell you—even that we love you in our heart of hearts with an exceeding great love. Know also that our grief is very great in these days, because we are about to be parted from you.

“ It is in our minds to beseech you to stay yet a little longer with us, but we cannot because of your children. Yes, you will go, and we shall weep; you will be absent from us, and we shall grieve. We can say nothing more. Only know this, that our souls are full to overflowing with the warmest love for you, and with grief also. We shall not forget you in our prayers. Know

this, that great in very deed and truth is the love which we bear you in our inmost heart. We have been thinking whether there were perhaps any gift which we could offer as a token of our love, but we could find none: wherefore did we resolve to write this letter, setting forth our feelings towards you. Our letter is ended. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you! Amen. Amen!

“Here are our names:—

“JOEL BULU.	JOSEPH RATAMBUA.
JOEL KETETHA.	WM. VUTIKALULU.
MATTHIAS VAVE.	PHILEMON RALAWA.
JOSEPH NOKILEVU.	BENJAMIN TORA.
CORNELIUS MUSUKA.	JOSEPH RAVUAKA.
AARON FOTOFILI.	ISAIAH VUNILONGOLONGO.
DANIEL AFU.	ISAAC KALOU.
ELIEZER TAKELO.	ISAIAH NASILI.
HOSEA TUNI.	JOEL NAU.
ISAAC RAWAINDRANU.	JUNIA NDINGOVA.
JAMES HAVEA.	CALEB MBAI.
NATHAN NDAUVERE.	DAVID NAUHAMEA.
WESLEY THIRI.	THOMAS MAWI.
MARK TANGITHAKIMBAU.	JULIUS RAVAI.
MELCHISEDEC FIJI.	JONATHAN NDAMBEA.”

And herewith let us bid farewell to this good and faithful servant of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Yet a little while, and an appendix may perhaps be added to this Autobiography, so that it may be known, not only how Joel Bulu lived, but also how he died. Kindly, just and honourable towards his fellow-men ; humble and lowly before his God ; in quiet times a delightful companion ; cool, prompt, and lion-hearted in danger ; and always ready for every good word and work,—such a man should not be without his record and token of remembrance. God grant that this record of his life and labours, imperfect as it is, may stir us all up to a better service of Him Whom this war-worn veteran serves ; to a firmer trust in the Saviour Whom he trusts ; to a more earnest striving on behalf of the cause to which he has given the best years of his life, and on which he has spent his strength, even unto old age and grey hairs ; so that we may be with him when the great longing of his youth is at last fulfilled, and he has become “a dweller among the stars.”

The following extracts from Miss Gordon Cumming's *At Home in Fiji* tell how this fine old saint of God finished his course. The writer readily acknowledged the spell of his genuine nobility and goodness, and, though a stranger, learned to revere and love him.

BAU, April 29, 1877.

LATE as it was, on our return we went to see dear old Joeli Mbulu, the noble old Tongan minister of whom I have often spoken to you. Alas! his work is well-nigh finished. He is greatly changed this week—wasted to a shadow; but his face is perhaps more beautiful than ever, from its sweetness of expression and the bright look which at times lights it up—just like some grand old apostle nearing his rest. He is very tall and stately, with a halo of white hair and long grey beard. His skin is very fair, like that of all the Tongans and Samoans. Generally he wears only his long white waist-cloth, almost to the feet, which are bare, and folds of native

cloth round his loins. He has been a Christian teacher in Fiji for the last thirty years—that is, from the beginning—amid noise and tumult of war, and in the thick of all the devilry of cannibalism. He has been the old king's special teacher,—and many a difficult day he has had with him and all his handsome, strong-willed sons and daughters. They are all very much attached to him; and some of them are generally with him now, fanning or just watching beside him.

There is no doubt that his magnificent physical development has tended to increase his ascendancy over a race which naturally looks up to one whose stature at once proclaims him to be *tamata ndina* (a man indeed).

BAU, May 6, 1877.

IT was nearly midnight when we left the old king's house; and hearing that a canoe had arrived from Levuka, we went to the Roko's house to get our letters. Lady Gordon had sent a parcel of jujubes and acid drops for dear

old Joeli, which we took to him. The noble face lighted up as we entered, and he greeted us as was his wont — with holy and loving words. He was perfectly calm, and the grand steadfast mind clear as ever ; but it is evident that he is nearing his rest.

BAU, *May 7, 1877.*

LAST night there was great wailing and lamentation in Bau, for soon after midnight Joeli passed away, and died nobly as he had lived. He was quite conscious to the very last, and the expression of the grand old face was simply beautiful — so radiant, as of one without a shadow of a doubt concerning the home he was so near. No man ever more truly earned the right to say, “I have fought a good fight—I have kept the faith ;” and none ever was more truly humble. If ever the crown of righteousness is awarded by a righteous Judge to His true and faithful servants, assuredly Joeli will not fail to stand in that blessed company.

This morning we went to look once more on

the face we all loved so truly. He looked grand in death as in life, lying on a square of rich black-brown *tappa*, his head pillow'd on a large roll of native cloth, his beautiful white hair thrown back as a halo, and his long white beard adding to his patriarchal beauty. Over his feet were thrown two beautifully fine Samoan mats. His poor widow Ekkesa, his pretty grand-daughter, and many other women, and students from the college, were all weeping bitterly, as those who had lost their wise and loving counsellor and guide. The king and all his family also mourn sorely, for Joeli has ever been their true and faithful friend and minister; and many a time has he vainly pleaded with the old chief in the long years ere he could be brought to abandon the vile customs of heathenism. All through Joeli's illness I have rarely entered the house without finding some member of Thakombau's family sitting by him, watching his sleep, or fanning him.

According to native custom, the costly Samoan mats and native cloth that lay

beneath him and over his feet were buried with him; and had the funeral been simply *vaka Viti*, the body should only have been wrapped in many Fijian mats. But Thakombau, anxious to do all honour to his old friend, wished that he should be buried in a coffin. So, as there chanced to be a half-caste carpenter on the island building a boat, he made a coffin with some planks of red cedar wood. He did not get the order till 10 A.M., and the funeral was to start at 3 P.M. Just an hour beforehand it was brought to the mission to be lined and covered, in which work I assisted, and so gained my first experience of undertaker's business.

The place of burial was a beautiful site near an old church on the neighbouring isle of Viwa. The funeral procession was a very touching one. One large canoe carried the dead and the chief mourners. The old king and his three stalwart sons and two daughters, as also Andi Eleanor, Tui Thakau's real wife, followed in others; and nearly all the people of Bau, and from

many neighbouring villages, came in canoes and boats, making a very great procession. All the principal mourners, including the royal family, wore a piece of coarse old matting, all frayed out, in token of mourning. It is worn round the waist, over the ordinary dress. We made a beautiful great wreath of white jessamine and blue-grey flowers, with an outer wreath of scarlet leaves, and this we laid on the coffin. The grave was upwards of a mile from the shore; and about twenty young teachers—fine young fellows—took it by turns to carry the coffin up a steep hill, and through green forest-glades, to the place of rest. Part of our beautiful funeral service was repeated in the rich Fijian tongue (which to my ear always resembles Italian); and then Joeli was laid beside his old friend and teacher, the Rev. John Hunt, one of the early Wesleyan missionaries, with whom he had shared many an anxious day, and who died here in 1848, at the early age of thirty-six.

1880
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